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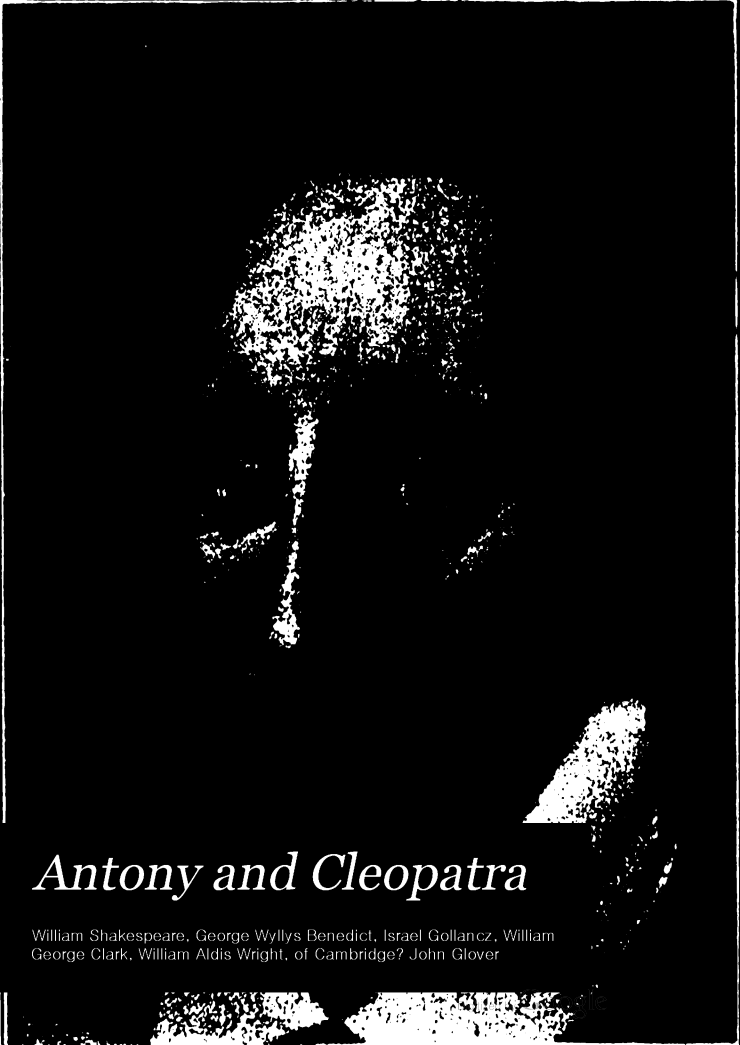
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Antony and Cleopatra

William Shakespeare, George Wyllys Benedict, Israel Gollancz, William George Clark, William Aldis Wright, of Cambridge? John Glover

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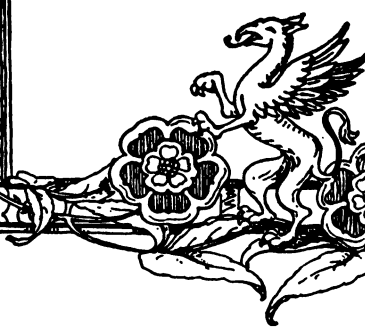
The Tudor Shakespeare

EDITED BY

WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

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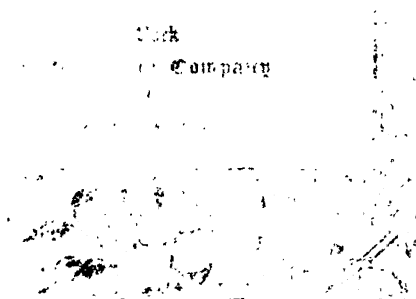
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Richard Burbage
From the original painting ascribed to himself at Dulwich

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THE TUDOR SHAKESPEARE

Antony and Cleopatra

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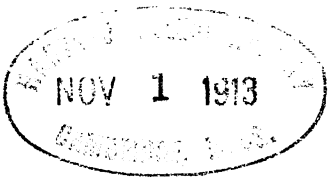
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Introduction

Text. —*Antony and Cleopatra* was first printed, so far as is known, in the Folio of 1623; in which it occupies the twenty-nine pages (fol. 340–368) between *Othello* and *Cymbeline*, being the tenth of the eleven Tragedies that make up the third portion of the book. The later Folios reprint the text of the First with the correction of some misprints and with many small changes, chiefly in spelling, capitalization, and punctuation. Though there are obscure and difficult passages, the First Folio text of *Antony and Cleopatra*, as compared with the text of *Macbeth*, for example, is good. It is the basis of nearly all later editions.

Date. — In 1608, under date of May 20, an entry was made in the Stationers' register (the record of copyrights granted to publishers and booksellers) of the issue of a license to Edward Bl[o]unt for "A booke Called. Anthony. and Cleopatra." Although "Anthonie and Cleopatra" is included in the list of sixteen plays "not formerly entred to other men" for which license was granted to Blount and Jaggard (publishers of the First Folio) in 1623, and although therefore there may be a legitimate doubt whether the 1608 entry refers to Shakespeare's play, the weight of probability is in favor of the belief that it does, and that for some reason the play was not published separately.

Internal evidence and the comparison of the play with

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others reasonably assigned to the years 1606–1609 point to 1607–1608 as the probable date of composition. Two passages in *Macbeth*, which is assigned with fair confidence to 1606, were evidently suggested by Plutarch's *Life of Antonius*. Probably *Timon of Athens*, on which it is likely that Shakespeare was in some way at work about 1606–1608, is in part based on an account of Timon that forms an "aside," as it were, in the same *Life*. These facts seem to indicate that not long before 1608 Shakespeare had renewed his interest in Plutarch's *Life of Antonius*, which he had used for *Julius Cæsar*. The versification, with its large number of "light" and "weak" endings and its almost entire absence of rhyme, points to the same approximate date; and the indication is confirmed by the impetuous compression of the imagery and the phrasing. It has been noted, also, that the temper of the play justifies a position after *Othello*, *Lear*, and *Macbeth*, and before *Coriolanus* (1608–1610). There is not very much doubt, indeed, that *Antony and Cleopatra* belongs to 1607 or the beginning of 1608.

Source. — The material of the play is taken from Plutarch's *Lives*, which Shakespeare read in Sir Thomas North's translation of Amyot's French translation from the Greek. The first three editions of North's translation were published in 1579, 1595, and 1603; it is uncertain which one Shakespeare used for *Antony and Cleopatra*. His indebtedness is threefold: to Plutarch for historical facts; to Plutarch again for conceptions of character; and to North for phraseology. The degree of indebtedness is not the same in the three kinds.

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As to the first, it is very great. Shakespeare powerfully condenses Plutarch's political and military history, and rearranges it somewhat, thus bringing the events of ten years into review within the compass of twelve days that pass on the stage; he expands a hint here and readjusts emphasis there; but omits little that is of historical importance except Antony's stay of three years in Rome after his marriage, and also his disastrous campaign against the Parthians. Plutarch had wished to show how Antony's reluctance to be separated from Cleopatra had impaired his "absolute soldiership," but he forgot his purpose to some extent. This part of the *Life* is long, rather confused, not uninteresting in itself, but more concerned with the hardships of Antony's army than with Antony himself; and it somewhat damages the artistic proportion of the whole. The thing would have been unmanageable in the play, it would have lessened the effect of the defeat at Actium, and it was unnecessary for the exhibition of Antony's character. Except for these omissions, the framework and outline of the "great" action are practically the same in Shakespeare and in Plutarch.[1] Action of less structural importance and descriptive details are freely borrowed; as, for example, the whipping of Thyreus, the mean-spirited candor of Seleucus, Charmian's reply to the guard, the eight wild boars roasted

[1] Some details concerning Sextus Pompeius seem to be from Appian's *Bella Civilia*, which was translated in 1578 by Binniman. The bringing of Cleopatra to Julius Cæsar in a mattress is from *The Life of Julius Cæsar*. Perhaps translations of Pliny and Leo Africanus supplied what little Egyptian local color there is.

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whole, Cleopatra's first meeting with Antony, the success of Cæsar's cocks and quails, the portents of the subterranean music and the swallows' nests, and much more. It almost seems easier at first blush to say what Shakespeare added than what he found. One must read Plutarch and the play together to understand the extent and the nature of the borrowings; but also, let it be emphasized, to realize how great is the power which has transformed Plutarch's narrative into living drama.

Plutarch's purpose in his *Lives* is to depict character. Though he has a large interest in moral and political principles, his interest in men is greater. He disentangles each character, so far as possible, from those about it; and he makes his individual portraits so clear and compelling that the *Lives* is one of the world's great books. We may be sure that Shakespeare gave full faith and credence to Plutarch's estimates, and that when he departs from the model it is because his business is to show characters not separately but in significant associations — because he is not a biographer but a dramatist. So far as his dramatic conception allows, he holds to what he regards as the historic fact. Of the named persons in the play, all but four or five are in the *Life;* of the persons with distinguishable natures, only Enobarbus owes his entirely to Shakespeare. This "level-headed and straight-hitting critic of the action" [1] is almost exactly such a creation as Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliet*, and answers much the same dramatic purpose. Octavia is practically unchanged. Cæsar is painted in colder colors in the play than in the *Life*, and Antony in warmer tones. The

[1] Sidney Lee.

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reason for these changes seems clear. It would be impossible to achieve success — the particular sort of success, at least, that Shakespeare contemplated — if the audience should give its sympathy to Cæsar instead of to Antony. When we praise Shakespeare's impartiality toward his characters, we need not think that he has the same degree of liking for them all; rather, we mean that for figures of equal dramatic weight his characterization is equally painstaking, and that he gives them all a fair and equal chance to impress their reality upon the audience. There can be no doubt that in this play he meant the spectators to give their sympathy to Antony and to withhold it from Cæsar; whether or not he knew that he was changing Plutarch's coloring is a rather unprofitable question.

But in relation to the *Life*, as well as absolutely, the most important fact of characterization is Cleopatra. To Plutarch she is of great but yet subordinate interest, even though the chosen instrument of fate. Perhaps it is for that very reason that his treatment of her has not more depth. At any rate, it was not her life that he was writing. Antonius's failure, the ruin of great powers and glorious opportunities at the hands of a vain, heartless, politic courtesan, — that is a tragedy more bitter than Shakespeare's. It is not necessary that we should feel her "grave charm" to understand the pity of it. The world is not well lost to Plutarch's Antonius, whose infatuation is pitiable, inexplicable, even despicable. But the Cleopatra of the play must hold and dominate the stage, must work her magic before our eyes, and, remaining essentially what she was to Plutarch, — the courtesan,

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the incarnate essence of erotic fascination, must catch us, as she catches Antony, in her "strong toil of grace." It is not enough that we should see Antony's surrender to her allurement as inevitable; we must also feel it as partaking of "the nobleness of life." Beside Plutarch's Cleopatra, Shakespeare's Cleopatra is doubly a miracle.

Shakespeare's account with Sir Thomas North for language must be stated more briefly. In the English Histories and in *Julius Cæsar*, he had shown that he could keep close to the wording of his original and yet turn it into very eloquent verse. In North's *Plutarch* he had before him a style lacking almost wholly in the movement and sustention that are indispensable for eloquence, but possessing in high degree the vividness of phrase that is indispensable in narrative. Some of his own vivid force in this play is the result of his adaptation of North's language — here an isolated word, there a whole passage. One instance of each sort must suffice here. The phrase *peep forth* in the speech of Cæsar's messenger (I. iv. 53) is in North's "none durst peepe out with a saile." Of Enobarbus's gorgeous description of Cleopatra's barge it is almost within bounds to say that there is not a word in it which is not either taken bodily or directly paraphrased from North. Shakespeare has perhaps less of North's diction in *Antony and Cleopatra* than in *Julius Cæsar* or *Coriolanus*. But we need not fear lest we overemphasize the service of North's suggestions.

Construction and Style. — The construction of *Antony and Cleopatra* is not to be judged by the standard that we apply to *Romeo and Juliet* or *Othello*. So far as external

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form is concerned, it adopts the compromise between narrative and dramatic procedure that produced the Chronicle History play. The number of its short scenes — there are forty-two in all — is striking, and may even be confusing. Not only are the scenes very much broken; some are clearly superfluous. Thus II. iv, III. i, III. viii–ix, and IV. x–xi could be omitted without damage to the movement of the whole or to the definition of character. But we have to remember that the Elizabethan theatre and its conventions made change of scene no practical difficulty at all, at least so far as concerned playwright and actors; and two other points should also be noted: (1) the breaking up into short staccato scenes becomes noticeable a little before the middle of the play, at the point where Shakespeare begins to follow Plutarch most closely, — a fact that should forcibly suggest Shakespeare's sense of responsibility for the historic truth of his story; (2) it cannot be doubted that there is an attempt to give an impression of the largeness of the background against which the tragedy appears, and of the political struggle that was decided by the balance or lack of balance of the contending forces in Antony's nature.

As to style, the play is in Shakespeare's later manner. The versification [1] hints that the poet had shaken himself free from certain technical restrictions that were previously worth considering; perhaps that he had consciously given up the consideration of the line by itself in order to

[1] For a convenient description and application of verse tests, see *The Facts about Shakespeare* in the Tudor edition, chap. iv, or A. C. Bradley, *Shakespearean Tragedy*, Note BB, pp. 470–480.

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enjoy the advantage in swiftness and ease that he would gain by thinking in larger rhythmical groups or masses. Whatever the cause, there is in the manner of this tragedy a consummate ease. In the rush of the images that crowd one upon another, and in the fiery condensation of the phrasing, Shakespeare's matured assurance shows itself at the full; and nowhere else in his plays are these qualities of his poetry more brilliantly shown.

Relation to Contemporary Drama. — Of the relation of *Antony and Cleopatra* to the contemporary drama, all that can safely be said is that Shakespeare appealed to an interest in the subject already existing; and that, with one exception, later treatments of the subject have avoided as much as possible the danger of competing with his play on its own ground.

After Plutarch, the story of Antony and Cleopatra is to be found, as a matter of course, in various histories and epitomes; as for instance in that abstract of universal history by Orosius that Alfred the Great translated in the ninth century. In the fourteenth century, Boccaccio includes Antony and Cleopatra among the illustrious unfortunates whose "Tragedies" form his treatise *De Casibus Virorum et Feminarum Illustrium;* and he includes Cleopatra in his other catalogue, *De Claris Mulieribus.* In English literature the most interesting appearance of this "mutual pair" is in Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women,* a title under which the inclusion of Cleopatra may seem surprising to readers who do not happen to know that the "saints" and "martyrs" of the *Legend* are the devotees of Cupid. In popular imagination and

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sympathy the two had taken their place with the world's famous lovers, like Troilus and Cressida, Dido and Æneas, Lancelot and Guinevere, long before Shakespeare's day.

The dramatists of the Renaissance, seeking themes to be handled after the manner of Senecan tragedy, could hardly miss the story of Antony and Cleopatra; and yet it does not seem to have been the subject of any of those Latin imitations of Seneca that were fairly frequent in the first half of the sixteenth century. So far as extant remains show, it was first treated in drama by Etienne Jodelle, a member of the French "Pleiade," whose *Cléopâtra Captive*, acted in 1552, was the first regular French tragedy. In this the action, or declamation, rather, begins after the death of Antony, who appears as a ghost. The *Marc Antoine* of Robert Garnier, acted in 1578, centres its interest in Antony, though he appears only twice upon the stage. *Marc Antoine* was translated into English blank verse mixed with rhyme, by the Countess of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sidney's sister, under the title *Antonius, a Tragedie*, published in 1592. This inspired Samuel Daniel to write his *Cleopatra*, published in 1594, as a companion-piece, or sequel. Daniel's play, in rhymed verse, is accounted among the best of Senecan dramas in English. In 1598 Samuel Brandon, likewise inspired by Lady Pembroke's translation, published *Virtuous Octavia*, which treats another part of the story, without bringing Antony or Cleopatra on as characters. Fulke Greville also wrote an *Antony and Cleopatra*, but fearing that it might be "construed or strained" into a comment on current events, destroyed it in 1601. In addition to these versions, there were Italian plays by Giraldi Cinthio

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(1543) and Alessandro Spinelli (1550), a German one by Hans Sachs (1560), and a French one (1595) by Montreuil. It is not impossible that Shakespeare should have read some of the English plays on the subject; but that they affected his treatment of the theme in any way cannot be shown.

Since Shakespeare, the imaginative treatment of the story of Cleopatra has been more copious than that of any other Shakespearean matter. There is space here to speak of only three English dramatic versions of the seventeenth century.[1] *The False One*, by Massinger and Fletcher (1620), though taking its title and half its small interest from the wretched Roman traitor who murdered Pompey, is also concerned with Julius Cæsar's amour with Cleopatra. The Prologue circumspectly disclaims any rivalry with *Julius Cæsar* or *Antony and Cleopatra:* "Sure, to tell Of Cæsar's amorous heats and how he fell I' th' capitol, can never be the same To the judicious. . . . We treat not of what boldness she did die, Nor of her fatal love to Antony." After the Restoration, *Antony and Cleopatra* underwent the same process of revival-with-transformation that touched others of Shakespeare's plays. It is hardly possible to speak of the phenomenon as either revival or transformation; and yet the Restoration remakers had Shakespeare's play in mind and consciously appealed to the interest that it had awakened. Two plays resulted: one, among the very worst and feeblest of Restoration attempts; the other, among the best. The first was the *Antony and Cleopatra*, afterward printed under the title *Beauty the Conquerour*

[1] See abstracts of several versions in Furness's *Variorum*.

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(1677), of Sir Charles Sedley. It was in "heroic" rhymed verse, and otherwise exhibits the taste of its author and the times by the three- or fourfold multiplication of its love-affairs. The second was Dryden's splendid *All for Love, or the World well Lost* (1678), which he wrote, as he says, "to imitate the divine Shakespeare." Strictly speaking, Dryden does not so much imitate Shakespeare as combine some of Shakespeare's elements of poetry, character, and action into a new play which he intended, presumably, should reproduce as much as possible of Shakespeare's tragic effect. Its most striking feature, as compared with *Antony and Cleopatra*, is its simplified, unified, and compacted structure. The number of persons is reduced by two-thirds; all humor and comedy are removed; the time is shortened; and the scenes are reduced to five, one in each Act, all laid in Alexandria. Octavia's importance is increased; Cleopatra's part is made less commanding; Cæsar is omitted; Ventidius is a new creation, largely a compound of elements taken from Enobarbus, Eros, and Scæva (in *The False One*); and Antony is stripped of his ambition and love of glory (at least in large measure), and "his whole thoughts and being are dedicated to his fatal passion." [1] It is difficult to describe in a phrase or two the precise difference in effect that results from these changes, but it is somewhere near the truth to say that the moral fibre of the later play is somewhat relaxed; that a romantic scheme of values has to some extent replaced a more universal and real scheme; that along with a more economical and rhetorically efficient application of power, there is less

[1] Scott.

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power to apply. At the same time, it is impossible to read *All for Love* without genuine wonder that so little of the weight of the original play has been lost in the remelting.

Stage History. — Nothing is known of the early performances of *Antony and Cleopatra*. Throughout the Restoration and the eighteenth century *All for Love* held the stage, to the virtual exclusion of Shakespeare's play. One attempt, however, to revive Shakespeare was made, at Drury Lane Theatre in 1759, by Garrick, who acted Antony to Mrs. Yates's Cleopatra. There were six performances only, and Garrick, who was an ardent admirer of Shakespeare and successful in other revivals, was disappointed. For this performance the text was abridged by Edward Capell. In 1813 Shakespeare's tragedy "with additions from Dryden" was performed at Covent Garden; but likewise was unsuccessful. Antony was acted by Young, and Cleopatra by Mrs. Fawcit. It was revived again in 1833, at Drury Lane, by Macready, with like result. The first American performance is said to have been in New York in 1846. In a series of Shakespearean revivals at Sadler's Wells Theatre by Samuel Phelps *Antony and Cleopatra* (1850), with Phelps as Antony and Miss Glyn as Cleopatra, appears to have been popularly successful for the first time. Other performances of the play are recorded: at the Standard (London), 1855; in New York, 1859; in Manchester, 1866; at the Princess's (London), 1867, with Miss Glyn again as Cleopatra; at Drury Lane, 1873; in New York, 1878, with Miss Rose Eytinge as Cleopatra; in New York, 1889, with Kyrle

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Bellew as Antony and Mrs. Potter as Cleopatra; at the Princess's, 1890, with Charles Coghlan as Antony and Mrs. Langtry as Cleopatra; on the road in America in 1898–1899, by Mme. Modjeska; in London, 1907, by Beerbohm Tree and Miss Constance Collier. The last-mentioned production took advantage of all the opportunities offered to the musician, the costumer, and the scene-painter to make the play not only a tragedy but a great spectacle as well. The foregoing list of performances must be far from complete; but at best, *Antony and Cleopatra* has been decidedly infrequent on the modern stage in English.

Interpretation. — A sense of the importance of the historical events of the last half-century B.C. may easily lead us to exaggerate the importance of *Antony and Cleopatra* as a study of history. True, the play is a masterpiece of history, in a double meaning. No more striking and magnificent combination of characters, place, and action was ever crystallized out of the seething confusion of the world. In no other play has Shakespeare shown fuller dramatic mastery of the historic *data*. Yet, in spite of his fidelity to history as he knew it, he shows no antiquarian zest or effort in his work. Quite apart from anachronisms in detail, there is little of the antique in the play; the breath of ancient life is not there. In Shakespeare's day the ideals and manners of antiquity were perceived dimly, through a mist of medievalism that the Renaissance had only begun to dispel. Sir Thomas North is nearer to Caxton and Malory in his mental idiom than he is to Plutarch; and the guise of thought and feel-

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ing that human nature wears in *Troilus and Cressida* or in *Antony and Cleopatra* is more like that of our modern day than like that of the Homeric or of the Augustan age. Shakespeare is the narrative historian, not the philosophic nor the political historian. His persons are men and women, his history is what he thought they did. So in *Antony and Cleopatra* there is little suggestion of the conflict of political forces, of principles of government, of national policies, or even of civilizations. To say that *Antony and Cleopatra* contains the presage of the crumbling of the ancient world before the forces of the new, is well-nigh absurd. On the contrary, if Shakespeare considered at all the cosmic significance of the contest, his conclusion is in Cæsar's words: "The time of universal peace is near." And the fact that he is at no pains to connect *Antony and Cleopatra* with the action and characterization of *Julius Cæsar* shows that the political meaning of our play was of the smallest concern to him.

Whatever be the true historical explanation of Antony's connection with Cleopatra[1] and of his failure to accomplish his ambition, the explanation that Shakespeare sets before us is written in the terms of personal character, — in the moral idiom of all ages. There may be an overtone of Fate in the vibrations of Antony's passion; but the dominant of the tragedy is his loss of himself in Cleopatra. He is no mystery; he is spontaneous, simple, open even in his self-deception about his marriage and his challenge to Cæsar, changeable, but only one thing at a time, — an engaging, sympathetic, glowing nature, of heroic size and

[1] See G. Ferrero, *The Historical Legend of Antony and Cleopatra*, in the *Fortnightly Review*, April, 1909.

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intensity and capacity for enjoyment. But however much we find our sympathy engaged by Antony, thanks to the way in which he is set off against Cæsar and to our full sense of Cleopatra's charm; we think of him, as the author of the "Comparison" appended to Plutarch's *Life* has it, that "he was so great as to be thought by others worthy of higher things than his own desires."

But we feel that Cleopatra has given the fullest expression of her greatest potentialities. We do not say of her that she was capable of being good and great and useful — we never think in that way about her. In later literature (in which it is Cleopatra who fills the imagination, if not quite to the exclusion of Antony), it will be found that she is, on the whole, conceived as very much less subject to the demands and standards of what roughly we call right and wrong than Antony is. We judge Antony as a moral being; we look on Cleopatra as if she were something less or something more than the humanity whose moral responsibilities we can see. This is not to say that she is inhuman; on the contrary, it is to say that humanity, on one side, is subject to primitive instincts. Here is a being whose utmost need is to bring men to her feet, to control them, not by the power of her thought or her earnestness for right, but by her charm of manner, the intoxication of her presence, her lightning-quick perception of their momentary emotional state, the tyranny of her own changing mood. It is this quality in her, joined with a powerful intelligence that is something short of wisdom, that defies calculation and makes her so unfathomable. This is the secret of her inexhaustible interest. No nature less loftily wise and self-controlle

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than Cæsar's can resist her. This Shakespeare sees with clear and disillusioned vision; and though he sets before us the tragedy of the loss of a world within Antony's grasp because Antony pursues a purpose not in accord with the trend of things that proceed by the wisdom that is virtue, he leaves it an open question whether, for the possession of such a woman, to sacrifice purposes, ambitions, and the captaincy of one's soul be not well to lose the world.



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Antony and Cleopatra

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[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MARK ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } triumvirs.
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS,
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO, } friends to Antony.
CANIDIUS, lieutenant-general to Antony.
MÆCENAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS,
THYREUS,
GALLUS, } friends to Cæsar.
TAURUS, lieutenant-general to Cæsar.
MENAS,
MENECRATES,
VARRIUS, } friends to Pompey.
SILIUS, an officer in Ventidius's army.
EUPHRONIUS, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.
ALEXAS,
MARDIAN, a eunuch,
SELEUCUS,
DIOMEDES, } attendants on Cleopatra.
A Soothsayer.
A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.
OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar and wife to Antony.
CHARMIAN,
IRAS, } attendants on Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *In several parts of the Roman Empire.*]

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Antony and Cleopatra

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

[*Alexandria. A room in Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure. Those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front; his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's lust.

Flourish. Enter Antony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the train, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Look, where they come!
Take but good note, and you shall see in him

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The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool. Behold and see.
Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.
Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, my good lord, from Rome.
Ant. Grates me: the sum.
Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony.
Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you: "Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee."
Ant. How, my love!
Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like.
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Anthony.
Where's Fulvia's process? — Cæsar's, I would say. Both?
Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

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Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life
Is to do thus, when such a mutual pair
[*Embracing.*]
And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to wit
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh.
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No messenger but thine; and all alone
To-night we'll wander through the streets and note

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The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it. — Speak not to us.
Exeunt [Ant. and Cleo.] with their train.

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He come too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!
Exeunt.

Scene II

[*The same. Another room.*]

Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Soothsayer, Rannius, Lucilius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you prais'd so to the Queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must charge his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, sir, that know things?

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Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.
Alex. Show him your hand.
Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.
Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.
Sooth. I make not, but foresee.
Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.
Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.
Char. He means in flesh.
Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.
Char. Wrinkles forbid!
Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.
Char. Hush!
Sooth. You shall be more beloving than beloved.
Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.
Alex. Nay, hear him.
Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all. Let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage. Find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.
Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.
Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.
Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

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Char. Then belike my children shall have no names. Prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine and most of our fortunes to-night shall be — drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a work-a-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? Give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

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Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas, — come, his fortune, his fortune! O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't!

Enter Cleopatra.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the Queen.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

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Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth, but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!
Eno. Madam?
Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?
Alex. Here, at your service. My lord approaches.

Enter Antony with a Messenger [and Attendants].

Cleo. We will not look upon him. Go with us.
Exeunt [Cleo. and train].
Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.
Ant. Against my brother Lucius?
Mess. Ay;
But soon that war had end, and the time's state,
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.
Ant. Well, what worst?
Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward. On:
Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.
Mess. Labienus —
This is stiff news — hath, with his Parthian force,

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Extended Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia,
Whilst —

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say, —

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue.
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full license as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. *Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak there!

1. [*Att.*] The man from Sicyon, — is there such an one?

2. [*Att.*] He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger with a letter.

What are you?

[*2.*] *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

[*2.*] *Mess.* In Sicyon:

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Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[*Gives a letter.*]

Ant. Forbear me.

[*Exit 2. Messenger.*]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it.
What our contempts doth often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution low'ring, does become
The opposite of itself. She's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.

Re-enter Enobarbus.

How now! Enobarbus!

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women. We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die. It were pity to cast them away for nothing;

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though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment. I do think there is mettle in Death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that

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when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented. This grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat: and indeed the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience to the Queen, And get her leave to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea. Our slippery people, Whose love is never link'd to the deserver Till his deserts are past, begin to throw Pompey the Great and all his dignities Upon his son; who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,

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The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

[*The same. Another room.*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does.
I did not send you. If you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick. Quick, and return.
[*Exit Alexas.*]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

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Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, forbear.
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter Antony.

But here comes Antony.
Cleo. I am sick and sullen.
Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose, —
Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian; I shall fall.
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.
Ant. Now, my dearest queen, —
Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.
Ant. What's the matter?
Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the married woman? You may go.
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here;
I have no power upon you; hers you are.
Ant. The gods best know, —
Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betrayed! Yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.
Ant. Cleopatra, —
Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,

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To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen, —

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go. When you sued staying,
Then was the time for words; no going then;
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven. They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, Queen.
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords; Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome;
Equality of two domestic powers
Breed scrupulous faction; the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love; the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;

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And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness. Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen.
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils she awak'd: at the last, best;
See when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war
As thou affects.

Cleo. // Cut my lace, Charmian, come!
But let it be; I am quickly ill and well,
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.

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I prithee, turn aside and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood. No more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword, —

Cleo. And target. — Still he mends;
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it;
Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it;
That you know well. Something it is I would, —
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me,
Since my becomings kill me when they do not
Eye well to you. Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,

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And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurell'd victory, and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. — Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, goes yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away! *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

[*Rome. Cæsar's house.*]

Enter Octavius Cæsar, reading a letter, Lepidus, and their train.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria
This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners. You shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness.

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His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let's grant it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say this becomes him, —
As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish, — yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for't; but to confound such time
That drums him from his sport and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours, 'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,

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Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar. To the ports
The discontents repair; and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less.
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Makes the sea serve them, which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind. Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt.
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once

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Was beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer. Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at; thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou brows'd; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on; and all this —
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now —
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field, and to that end
Assemble we immediate council. Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

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Lep. Farewell, my lord. What you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.
Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V

[*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian!
Char. Madam?
Cleo. Ha, ha!
Give me to drink mandragora.
Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O, 'tis treason!
Char. Madam, I trust not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!
Mar. What's your Highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

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Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed!
Mar. Not in deed, madam, for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done;
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? Or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"
For so he calls me. Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life.

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Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd, — the last of many doubled kisses, —
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. "Good friend," quoth he,
"Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the East,
Say thou, shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed,
Who neigh'd so high that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.
Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.
Cleo. O well-divided disposition! Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad, for he would shine on those

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That make their looks by his; he was not merry,
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both.
O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So does it no man else. Met'st thou my posts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?
Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?
Char. O that brave Cæsar!
Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony!
Char. The valiant Cæsar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.
Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgement; cold in blood,
To say as I said then! But, come, away;
Get me ink and paper.
He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. *Exeunt.*

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ACT SECOND

SCENE I

[Messina. Pompey's house.]

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
Pom. I shall do well.
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without-doors. Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts. Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

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Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'Tis false.
Men. From Silvius, sir.
Pom. He dreams. I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness!

Enter Varrius.

How now, Varrius!
Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt 'tis
A space for farther travel.
Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war. His soldiership
Is twice the other twain; but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring

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Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together.
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him, although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords; but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be't as our gods will have't! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II

[*Rome. The house of Lepidus.*]

Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

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Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself. If Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion;
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter Cæsar, Mæcenas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia!
Hark, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mæcenas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,

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May it be gently heard; when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds; then, noble partners,
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well.
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus. *Flourish.*

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.

Cæs. Nay, then.

Ant. I learn you take things ill which are not so,
Or being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended, and with you
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt; yet, if you there

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Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.
Ant. How intend you, practis'd?
Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.
Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act. I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.
Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgement to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.
Ant. Not so, not so.
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars

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Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another.
The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too, I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet. For that you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me ere admitted. Then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning; but next day
I told him of myself, which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar!

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Ant. No,
Lepidus, let him speak.
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it. But, on, Cæsar:
The article of my oath.
Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them;
The which you both denied.
Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then when poisoned hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.
Lep. 'Tis noble spoken.
Mæc. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye. To forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.
Lep. Worthily spoken, Mæcenas.
Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again. You shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

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Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.
Eno. That truth should be silent I had almost forgot.
Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.
Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.
Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech; for't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So diff'ring in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.
Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar, —
Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.
Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia. Great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.
Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa.
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.
Ant. I am not married, Cæsar; let me hear
Agrippa further speak.
Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,

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All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truths would be tales,
Where now half-tales be truths; her love to both
Would each to other and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so,"
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand.
Further this act of grace; and from this hour
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There's my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly. Let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

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Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me. I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon's.
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Cæs. Great and increasing; but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it;
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Ventidius.

Mæc. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

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Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mæcenas! My honourable friend, Agrippa!

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mæc. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by't in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mæc. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle. We had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mæc. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she purs'd up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appear'd indeed, or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water. The poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them. The oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,

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As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion — cloth-of-gold of tissue —
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air, which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper. She replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,

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Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed.
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mæc. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not.
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies, for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mæc. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.

Exeunt.

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SCENE III

[*The same. Cæsar's house.*]

Enter Antony, Cæsar, Octavia between them [*and Attendants*].

Ant. The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good-night, sir. My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report.
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good-night, dear lady.
Good-night, sir.
Cæs. Good-night.

Exeunt [*Cæsar and Octavia*].

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah; you do wish yourself in Egypt?
Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you Thither!
Ant. If you can, your reason?
Sooth. I see it in
My motion, have it not in my tongue; but yet
Hie you to Egypt again.

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Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?
Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side.
Thy demon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd: therefore
Make space between you.
Ant. Speak this no more.
Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds. Thy lustre thickens
When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.
Ant. Get thee gone. —
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him;
Exit [*Soothsayer*].
He shall to Parthia. — Be it art or hap,
He hath spoken true. The very dice obey him;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance. If we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt;

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And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the East my pleasure lies.

Enter Ventidius.

O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia. Your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive't. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

[*The same. A street.*]

Enter Lepidus, Mœcenas, and Agrippa.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further; pray you, hasten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mœc. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about.
You'll win two days upon me.
Mœc. } Sir, good success!
Agr. }
Lep. Farewell. *Exeunt.*

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SCENE V

[*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
All. The music, ho!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone; let's to billiards. Come, Charmian.
Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, sir?
Mar. As well as I can, madam.
Cleo. And when good will is showed, though 't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.
Give me mine angle, we'll to the river; there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, "Ah, ha! you're caught."
Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver

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Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time, — O times! —
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy!
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam, —

Cleo. Antonio's dead! — If thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress; but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold.
But, sirrah, mark, we use
To say the dead are well. Bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will.
But there's no goodness in thy face; if Antony
Be free and healthful, — so tart a favour

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To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st;
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, 'tis well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam, —

Cleo. I do not like "But yet," it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon "But yet"!
"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together. He's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report.
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

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Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.
Cleo. I am pale, Charmian,
Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.
Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
Strikes him down.
Mess. Good madam, patience.
Cleo. What say you? Hence,
Strikes him again.
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head.
She hales him up and down.
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.
Mess. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.
Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud; the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.
Mess. He's married, madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.
Draws a knife.
Mess. Nay, then I'll run.
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
Exit.

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Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself:
The man is innocent.
Cleo. Some innocents scape not the thunderbolt.
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again.
Though I am mad, I will not bite him; call.
Char. He is afeard to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him.
[*Exit Charmian.*]
These hands do lack nobility that they strike
A meaner than myself, since I myself
Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter [*Charmian and*] *Messenger.*

Come hither, sir.
Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news. Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves when they be felt.
Mess. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say yes.
Mess. He's married, madam.
Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?
Mess. Should I lie, madam?

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Cleo. O, I would thou didst,
So half my Egypt were submerg'd and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence!
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?
Mess. I crave your Highness' pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you.
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal. He's married to Octavia.
Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of. Get thee hence;
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me. Lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*]
Char. Good your Highness, patience.
Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.
Char. Many times, madam.
Cleo. I am paid for't now.
Lead me from hence;
I faint, O Iras, Charmian! 'Tis no matter.
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination; let him not leave out
The colour of her hair. Bring me word quickly.
[*Exit Alexas.*]

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Let him for ever go; — let him not — Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way's a Mars. Bid you Alexas
[*To Mardian.*]
Bring me word how tall she is. Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me. Lead me to my chamber. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI

[*Near Misenum.*]

Flourish. Enter Pompey and Menas at one door, with drum and trumpet: at another, Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Enobarbus, Mæcenas, Agrippa, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.
Cæs. Most meet
That first we come to words, and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast considered, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth
That else must perish here.
Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,

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Chief factors for the gods, I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was't
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire; and what
Made the all-honour'd, honest Roman, Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol, but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails;
We'll speak with thee at sea. At land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house;
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us —
For this is from the present — how you take
The offers we have sent you.

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Cæs. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.
Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.
Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome. This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.
Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.
Pom. Know, then,
I came before you here a man prepar'd
To take this offer; but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience. — Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily and did find
Her welcome friendly.
Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand.
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.
Ant. The beds i' the East are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither,
For I have gain'd by't.

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Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh Fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.
Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agreed.
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.
Cæs. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part; and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.
Ant. That will I, Pompey.
Pom. No, Antony, take the lot; but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius
Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then so much have I heard;
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried —
Eno. No more of that; he did so.
Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.
Pom. I know thee now. How far'st thou, soldier?

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Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.
Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee. I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.
Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I ha' prais'd ye,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.
Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?
Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.
Pom. Come.
Exeunt all but Menas and Enobarbus.
Men. [*Aside.*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty. — You and I have known, sir.
Eno. At sea, I think.
Men. We have, sir.
Eno. You have done well by water.
Men. And you by land.
Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

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Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety. You have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas. If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsome'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep't back again.

Men. You've said, sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

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Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again. Then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir; we have us'd our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away. *Exeunt.*

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SCENE VII

[On board Pompey's galley, off Misenum.]

Music plays. Enter two or three Servants with a banquet.

1. Serv. Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2. Serv. Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1. Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.

2. Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, "No more"; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1. Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2. Serv. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship. I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service as a partisan I could not heave.

1. Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Pompey, Agrippa, Mæcenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other captains.

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Ant. [*To Cæsar.*] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow. The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises; as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You've strange serpents there?

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun. So is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit, — and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Say in mine ear: what is't?

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.

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Pom. (*Whispers in 's ear.*) Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus!

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth. It is just so high as it is, and moves with it own organs. It lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? Away!
Do as I bid you. — Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] I think thou'rt mad. The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*]

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What's else to say?
Be jolly, lords.

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Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.
Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?
Pom. What say'st thou?
Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.
Pom. How should that be?
Me. But entertain it,
And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.
Pom. Hast thou drunk well?
Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove.
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.
Pom. Show me which way.
Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats.
All there is thine.
Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me 'tis villany;
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act. Being done unknown,

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I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.
Men. [*Aside.*] For this,
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.
Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.
Pom. This health to Lepidus!
Ant. Bear him ashore. I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.
Eno. Here's to thee, Menas!
Me. Enobarbus, welcome!
Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.
Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.
[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.*]
Men. Why?
Eno. 'A bears the third part of the world, man; see'st not?
Men. The third part, then, is drunk. Would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!
Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.
Men. Come.
Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.
Ant. It ripens towards it. Strike the vessels, ho!
Here's to Cæsar!
Cæs. I could well forbear't.

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It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer.
But I had rather fast from all, four days,
Than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To Antony.*]
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.
Make battery to our ears with the loud music;
The while I'll place you; then the boy shall sing.
The holding every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.

THE SONG

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!
In thy vats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd!
Cup us, till the world go round,
Cup us, till the world go round!

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Cæs. What would you more? Pompey, good-night. Good brother,
Let me request you off; our graver business
Frowns at this levity. Gentle lords, let's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks. Strong Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks; the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good-night.
Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir; give's your hand.

Pom. O Antony,
You have my father's house, — But, what? we are friends.
Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.
[*Exeunt all but Enobarbus and Menas.*]
Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.
These drums! these trumpets, flutes! what!
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows. Sound and be hang'd, sound out! *Sound a flourish, with drums.*

Eno. Ho! says 'a. There's my cap.

Men. Ho! Noble captain, come. *Exeunt.*

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ACT THIRD

SCENE I

[A plain in Syria.]

Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph [with Silius, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers;] the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger. Bear the King's son's body
Before our army. Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

[Sil.] Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow. Spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly; so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough; a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act. For learn this, Silius;
Better to leave undone, than by our deed

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Acquire too high a fame when him we serve's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person. Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain; and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

[*Sil.*] Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier and his sword
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens; whither, with what haste
The weight we must convey with 's will permit,
We shall appear before him. On, there; pass along! *Exeunt.*

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SCENE II

[*Rome.* *An ante-chamber in Cæsar's house.*]

Enter Agrippa at one door, Enobarbus at another.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have dispatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one. O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How! the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say "Cæsar"; go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best; yet he loves Antony.
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

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Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle.
[*Trumpets within.*] So;
This is to horse. Adieu, noble Agrippa.
Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.

Ant. No further, sir.
Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in't. Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band
Shall pass on thy approof. Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it; for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.
Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.
Cæs. I have said.
Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear. So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

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Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well!
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! Fare thee well!
Oct. My noble brother!
Ant. The April's in her eyes; it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on. Be cheerful.
Oct. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and —
Cæs. What,
Octavia?
Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue, — the swan's down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.
Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] Will Cæsar weep?
Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] He has a cloud in's face.
Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.
Agr. [*Aside to Eno.*] Why, Enobarbus,
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
Eno. [*Aside to Agr.*] That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound he wail'd,
Believe't, till I wept too.

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Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love.
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.
Cæs. Adieu; be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæs. Farewell, farewell!
Kisses Octavia.
Ant. Farewell!
Trumpets sound. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III

[*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to. Come hither, sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you
But when you are well pleas'd.

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Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have; but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it? Come thou near.
Mess. Most gracious Majesty, —
Cleo. Didst thou behold Octavia?
Mess. Ay, dread queen.
Cleo. Where?
Mess. Madam, in Rome;
I look'd her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mess. She is not, madam.
Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd or low?
Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.
Cleo. That's not so good. He cannot like her long?
Char. Like her! O Isis! 'tis impossible.
Cleo. I think so, Charmian. Dull of tongue, and dwarfish!
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
Mess. She creeps;
Her motion and her station are as one;
She shows a body rather than a life,
A statue than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mess. Or I have no observance.

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Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing;
I do perceive't. There's nothing in her yet.
The fellow has good judgement.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.
Mess. Madam,
She was a widow, —
Cleo. Widow! Charmian, hark.
Mess. And I do think she's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? Is't long or round?
Mess. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.
Her hair, what colour?
Mess. Brown, madam; and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business. Go make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*]
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is so; I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

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Char. Nothing, madam.
Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!
Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, madam. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

[*Athens. A room in Antony's house.*]

Enter Antony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that, —
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import, — but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear;
Spoke scantly of me; when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.
Oct. O my good lord,

against his will

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Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts.
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself; better I were not yours
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between 's. The meantime, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother. Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be

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As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V

[*The same. Another room.*]

Enter Enobarbus and Eros [*meeting*].

Eno. How now, friend Eros!

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old; what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality, would not let him partake in the glory of the action; and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him. So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

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Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?
Eros. He's walking in the garden — thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, "Fool Lepidus!"
And threats the throat of that his officer
That murd'red Pompey.
Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.
Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently; my news
I might have told hereafter.
Eno. 'Twill be nought:
But let it be. Bring me to Antony.
Eros. Come, sir. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI

[*Rome. Cæsar's house.*]

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas.]

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and more,
In Alexandria. Here's the manner of't:
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd. At the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust

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Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mæc. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.

Mæc. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people knows it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Who does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar; and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle. Then does he say, he lent
me
Some shipping unrestor'd. Lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

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Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change. For what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mæc. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia with her train.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! Hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee castaway!

Oct. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stolen upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister. The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops. But you are come

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A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unlov'd. We should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Oct. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war. He hath assembled
Bocchus, the King of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, King
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; King of Pont;

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Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, King
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The Kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Oct. Ay me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither!
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth,
Till we perceiv'd both how you were wrong led
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart.
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome;
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort,
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mæc. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you;
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off,
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Oct. Is it so, sir?

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Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome. Pray you,
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister!
Exeunt.

SCENE VII

[*Near Actium. Antony's camp.*]

Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars,
And say'st it is not fit.
Eno. Well, is it, is it?
Cleo. If not denounc'd against us, why should not we
Be there in person?
Eno. Well, I could reply:
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.
Cleo. What is't you say?
Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome
That Photinus an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

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Cleo. Sink Rome, and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Enter Antony and Canidius.

Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the Emperor.
Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium
He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Toryne? You have heard on't, sweet?
Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness. Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.
Cleo. By sea! what else?
Can. Why will my lord do so?
Ant. For that he dares us to't.
Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.
Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey; but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

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Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muleters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress. In Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought.
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy: no disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do't at land.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

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Ant. Can he be there in person? 'Tis impossible;
Strange that his power should be. Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse. We'll to our ship;
Away, my Thetis!

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier!

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks! Do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking; we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well: away!

Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't. So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea;

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But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.
Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions as
Beguil'd all spies.
Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?
Sold. They say, one Taurus.
Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Emperor calls Canidius.
Can. With news the time's with labour, and throes forth,
Each minute, some. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII

[*A plain near Actium.*]

Enter Cæsar [*and Taurus*], *with his army, marching.*

Cæs. Taurus!
Taur. My lord?
Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole; provoke not battle
Till we have done at sea. Do not exceed
The prescript of this scroll. Our fortune lies
Upon this jump. *Exeunt.*

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SCENE IX

[Another part of the plain.]

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. *Exeunt.*

SCENE X

[Another part of the plain.]

Canidius marcheth with his land army one way over the stage; and Taurus, the lieutenant of Cæsar, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.

Alarum. Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Nought, nought, all nought! I can behold no longer.
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly and turn the rudder.
To see't mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!
Eno. What's thy passion?

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Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.
Eno. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon ribaldried nag of Egypt,—
Whom leprosy o'ertake!—i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The breese upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails and flies.
Eno. That I beheld.
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.
Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.
Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter Canidius.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general

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Been what he knew himself, it had gone well.
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own!

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why, then, good-night indeed.

Can. Toward Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions and my horse. Six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI

[*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter Antony with Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon't;
It is asham'd to bear me! Friends, come hither.
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever. I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

All. Fly! not we.

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Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders. Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course
Which has no need of you; be gone.
My treasure's in the harbour, take it. O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon.
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting. Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness. Take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself. To the sea-side straightway;
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little; pray you now.
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you. I'll see you by and by.
Sits down.

Enter Cleopatra, led by Charmian and [Iras;] Eros [following].

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him, comfort him.
Iras. Do, most dear queen.
Char. Do! Why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

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Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir?
Ant. O fie, fie, fie!
Char. Madam!
Iras. Madam, O good empress!
Eros. Sir, sir, —
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancer, while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended. He alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war; yet now — No matter.
Cleo. Ah, stand by.
Eros. The Queen, my lord, the Queen.
Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualitied with very shame.
Cleo. Well then, sustain me. Oh!
Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the Queen approaches.
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her, but
Your comfort makes the rescue.
Ant. I have offended reputation,
A most unnoble swerving.
Eros. Sir, the Queen.
Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

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Cleo. O my lord, my lord,
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have followed.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after. O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
Cleo. O, my pardon!
Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.
Cleo. Pardon, pardon!
Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss.
Even this repays me. We sent our schoolmaster;
Is 'a come back? Love, I am full of lead.
Some wine, within there, and our viands! Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.
Exeunt.

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SCENE XII

[Egypt. Cæsar's camp.]

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, [Thyreus,] with others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster;
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers
Not many moons gone by.

Enter [Euphronius,] ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Euph. Such as I am, I come from Antony.
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be't so: declare thine office.

Euph. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens. This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves

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The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The Queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there. This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Euph. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit Euphronius.*]
[*To Thyreus.*] To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time; dispatch.
From Antony win Cleopatra; promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers. Women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall.

Exeunt.

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SCENE XIII

[Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.]

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. Think, and die.
Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? Why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship, at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered question. 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.
Cleo. Prithee, peace.

Enter Antony with [Euphronius,] the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer?
Euph. Ay, my lord.
Ant. The Queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.
Euph. He says so.
Ant. Let her know't.
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,

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And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again. Tell him he wears the rose
Of youth upon him, from which the world should note
Something particular. His coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone. I'll write it. Follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*]

Eno. [*Aside.*] Yes, like enough high-battl'd Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,
Against a sworder! I see men's judgements are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness! Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgement too.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? See, my women!

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Against the blown rose may they stop their nose
That kneel'd unto the buds. Admit him, sir.
[*Exit Servant.*]

Eno. [*Aside.*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith mere folly; yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter Thyreus.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends: say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend; for us, you know
Whose he is we are, and that is, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on: right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you feared him.

Cleo. Oh!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he

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Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.
Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.
Eno. [*Aside.*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony. Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. *Exit.*
Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon; but it would warm his spirits
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.
Cleo. What's your name?
Thyr. My name is Thyreus.
Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: in deputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand. Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.
Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.

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Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. [*Aside.*] You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach there! Ah, you kite! Now, gods and devils!
Authority melts from me. Of late, when I cried "Ho!"
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry, "Your will?" Have you no ears? I am Antony yet.

Enter a Servant.

Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. [*Aside.*] 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.

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Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him! Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, — what's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra? Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.
Thyr. Mark Antony, —
Ant. Tug him away. Being whipp'd,
Bring him again; this Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him. —
Exit Servant with Thyreus.
You were half blasted ere I knew you; ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?
Cleo. Good my lord, —
Ant. You have been a boggler ever:
And when we in our viciousness grow hard —
O misery on't! — the wise gods seel our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgements; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at 's, while we strut
To our confusion.
Cleo. O, is't come to this?

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Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregist'red in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out; for, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards
And say, "God quit you!" be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts! O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! For I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.

Re-enter Servant with Thyreus.

Is he whipp'd? 131
Serv. Soundly, my lord.
Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a pardon?
Serv. He did ask favour.
Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry 135
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since

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Thou hast been whipp'd for following him. Henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't. Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment. Look thou say
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't,
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranched bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me. Urge it thou.
Hence with thy stripes, begone!

Exit Thyreus.

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

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Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail
And poison it in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my neck; as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart? Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle.
There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously; for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me. Come,

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Let's have one other gaudy night. Call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birthday.
I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars. Come on, my queen;
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make Death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

Exeunt [*all but Enobarbus*].

Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear; and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart. When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. *Exit.*

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ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

[*Before Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*]

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mæcenas, with his Army; Cæsar reading a letter.

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt. My messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die; meantime
Laugh at his challenge.

Mæc. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction. Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And feast the army; we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!

Exeunt.

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Scene II

[Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.]

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.
Eno. No?
Ant. Why should he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight; or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
Eno. I'll strike, and cry, "Take all!"
Ant. Well said; come on.
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.

Enter three or four Servitors.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest; — so hast thou; —
Thou, — and thou, — and thou. You have serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

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Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What means this?
Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.
Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service
So good as you have done.
All. The gods forbid!
Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night.
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.
Cleo. [*Aside to Eno.*] What does he mean?
Eno. [*Aside to Cleo.*] To make his followers weep.
Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be it is the period of your duty:
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow. Perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death.
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!
Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;

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And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd. For shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense;
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life
Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,
And drown consideration. *Exeunt.*

Scene III

[*The same. Before the palace.*]

Enter [*two*] *Soldiers* [*to their guard*].

1. Sold. Brother, good-night; to-morrow is the day.
2. Sold. It will determine one way; fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?
1. Sold. Nothing. What news?
2. Sold. Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good-night to you.
1. Sold. Well, sir, good-night.

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They meet other Soldiers.

2. Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.
[*3.*] *Sold.* And you. Good-night, good-night.
They place themselves in every corner of the stage.
[*4.*] *Sold.* Here we. And if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.
[*3.*] *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.
Music of the hautboys as under the stage.
2. Sold. Peace! what noise?
1. Sold. List, list!
2. Sold. Hark!
1. Sold. Music i' the air.
3. Sold. Under the earth.
4. Sold. It signs well, does it not?
3. Sold. No.
1. Sold. Peace, I say!
What should this mean?
2. Sold. 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,
Now leaves him.
1. Sold. Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.
[*They advance to another post.*]
2. Sold. How now, masters!
Speak together.

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All. How now!
How now! do you hear this?
1. Sold. Ay; is't not strange?
3. Sold. Do you hear, masters? Do you hear?
1. Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how it will give off.
All. Content. 'Tis strange.
Exeunt.

SCENE IV

[*The same. A room in the palace.*]

Enter Antony and Cleopatra, [*Charmian,*] *and others* [*attending*].

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck. Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter Eros [*with armour*].

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on.
If Fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her. Come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?
[*Ant.*] Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart. False, false; this, this.
Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help. Thus it must be.

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Ant. Well, well;
We shall thrive now. Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefly, sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou. Dispatch. O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! Thou shouldst see
A workman in't.

Enter an armed Soldier.

Good-morrow to thee; welcome.
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge.
To business that we love we rise betime
And go to't with delight.
Sold. A thousand, sir,
Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.
Shout. Trumpets flourish.

Enter Captains and Soldiers.

Capt. The morn is fair. Good-morrow, general.
All. Good-morrow, general.

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Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so; come, give me that. This way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me.
This is a soldier's kiss; rebukeable [*Kisses her.*]
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment. I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel. You that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't. Adieu.
Exeunt [*Antony, Eros, Captains, and Soldiers*].

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony, — but now — Well, on. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V

[*Alexandria. Antony's camp.*]

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony and Eros. [*A Soldier meets them.*]

[*Sold.*] The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

[*Sold.*] Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier

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That has this morning left thee, would have still
Followed thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

[*Sold.*] Who!
One ever near thee. Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, "I am none of thine."

Ant. What sayest thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him —
I will subscribe — gentle adieus and greetings;
Say that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master. O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men! Dispatch. — Enobarbus!
Exeunt.

SCENE VI

[*Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.*]

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, with Enobarbus, and Dolabella.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

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Agr. Cæsar, I shall. *Exit.*

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near.
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. *Exeunt [all but Enobarbus].*

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry on
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest
That fell away have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus. The messenger

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Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus;
I tell you true. Best you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. *Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart.
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee! No! I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. *Exit.*

SCENE VII

[*Field of battle between the camps.*]

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa [*and others*].

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far.
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. *Exeunt.*

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Alarums. Enter Antony, and Scarus wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had droven them home
With clouts about their heads.
Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes. I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.
Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind.
'Tis sport to maul a runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy sprightly comfort, and tenfold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after.
Exeunt.

SCENE VIII

[*Under the walls of Alexandria.*]

Alarum. Enter Antony, in a march; Scarus, with others.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp. Run one before,
And let the Queen know of our gests. To-morrow,

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Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.

Enter Cleopatra [*attended*].

[*To Scarus.*] Give me thy hand;
To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee. [*To Cleo.*] O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing!

Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,

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We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown, yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand.
Kiss it, my warrior; he hath fought to-day
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car. Give me thy hand.
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril. Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear,
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. *Exeunt.*

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SCENE IX

[Cæsar's camp.]

Enter a Sentry, and his Company. Enobarbus follows.

Sent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard. The night
Is shiny; and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.
1. Sold. This last day was
A shrewd one to's.
Eno. O, bear me witness, night, —
2. Sold. What man is this?
1. Sold. Stand close, and list him.
Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!
Sent. Enobarbus!
2. Sold. Peace!
Hark further.
Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,

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Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive.
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*]

1. Sold. Let's speak
To him.

Sent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

2. Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

Sent. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

1. Sold. Go we to him.

2. Sold. Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

1. Sold. Hear you, sir?

Sent. The hand of death hath raught him. (*Drums afar off.*) Hark! the drums
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note. Our hour
Is fully out.

2. Sold. Come on, then;
He may recover yet. *Exeunt* [*with the body*].

SCENE X

[*Between the two camps.*]

Enter Antony and Scarus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

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Scar. For both, my lord.
Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire or i' the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is: our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us. Order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven. [Go we up]
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. *Exeunt.*

Scene XI

[*Another part of the same.*]

Enter Cæsar, and his Army.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. *Exeunt.*

Scene XII

[*Another part of the same.*]

Enter Antony and Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd. Where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all; I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. *Exit.*

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Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests. The augurers
Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear,
Of what he has and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.

Re-enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me.
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder
They cast their caps up and carouse together
Like friends long lost. Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee. Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all. Bid them all fly; begone.

[*Exit Scarus.*]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,

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That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am.
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm, —
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end, —
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt!

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians!
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for doits; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. *Exit Cleopatra.*
'Tis well thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live; but better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many. Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me. Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage.
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;

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And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die.
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot. She dies for't. Eros, ho!
Exit.

SCENE XIII

[*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.
Char. To the monument!
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting
Than greatness going off.
Cleo. To the monument!
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was "Antony,"
And word it, prithee, piteously. Hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death. To the monument!
Exeunt.

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SCENE XIV

[*The same. Another room.*]

Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.
Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
Eros. Ay, my lord.
Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.
Eros. It does, my lord.
Ant. My good knave Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body. Here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these walls for Egypt; and the Queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,
Which whilst it was mine had annex'd unto't
A million moe, now lost, — she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory

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Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.

Enter Mardian.

O, thy vile lady!
She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace!
She hath betray'd me and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharg'd. What thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was "Antony! most noble Antony!"
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips. She rend'red life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep. [*To Mar.*] That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go.

Exit Mardian.

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Off, pluck off!
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace.
No more a soldier. Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne. — From me a while.
Exit Eros.
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture; since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength. Seal then and all is done.
Eros! — I come, my queen! — Eros! — Stay
for me!
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in
hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze.
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours. Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?
Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword

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Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells,
"I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, which now
Is come indeed, when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me. Do't; the time is come.
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdu'd
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.

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Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me!

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee! [*Turning from him.*]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man; and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then. (*Kills himself.*) Thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death.

Ant. Thrice-nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros

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Have by their brave instruction got upon me
A nobleness in record; but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
As to a lover's bed. Come, then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*]
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?
The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

Enter [*Dercetas and*] *Guard.*

1. Guard. What's the noise?
Ant. I have done my work ill, friends. O, make an end
Of what I have begun.
2. Guard. The star is fallen.
1. Guard. And time is at his period.
All. Alas, and woe!
Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.
1. Guard. Not I.
2. Guard. Nor I.
3. Guard. Nor any one. *Exeunt Guard.*
Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's Antony?
Der. There, Diomed, there.

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Dio. Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? 115
[*Exit Dercetas.*]
Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.
Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.
Ant. When did she send thee?
Dio. Now, my lord.
Ant. Where is she?
Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear 120
Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw —
Which never shall be found — you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent 125
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.
Ant. Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I prithee.
Dio. What, ho, the Emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls! 130

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Enter four or five of the Guard of Antony.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.
1. Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.
All. Most heavy day!
Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows; bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up.
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

Exeunt, bearing Antony.

SCENE XV

[*The same. A monument.*]

Enter Cleopatra, and her maids aloft, with Charmian and Iras.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear madam.
Cleo. No, I will not.
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great
As that which makes it.

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Enter [*below*] *Diomedes.*

How now! is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument;
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter [*below*] *Antony, borne by the Guard.*

Cleo. O sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! Darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world. O Antony,
Antony, Antony! Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace!
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.

Cleo. I dare not, dear, —
Dear my lord, pardon, — I dare not,
Lest I be taken. Not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall

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Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony, —
Help me, my women, — we must draw thee up.
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little, —
Wishers were ever fools, — O, come, come, come;
They heave Antony aloft to Cleopatra.
And welcome, welcome! Die where thou hast liv'd;
Quicken with kissing. Had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying.
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety. O!

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Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.
Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.
Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Not cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman, — a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;
I can no more.
Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
Hast thou no care of me? Shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty? O, see, my women,
[*Antony dies.*]
The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fall'n! Young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*Faints.*]
Char. O, quietness, lady!
Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.
Char. Lady!

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Iras. Madam!
Char. O madam, madam, madam!
Iras. Royal Egypt,
. Empress!
Char. Peace, peace, Iras!
Cleo. No more but e'en a woman, and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks
And does the meanest chares. It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but nought;
Patience is sottish, and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us? How do you, women?
What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!
My noble girls! Ah, women, women, look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out! Good sirs, take heart.
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make Death proud to take us. Come, away;
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution and the briefest end.
Exeunt; [those above] bearing off Antony's body.

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ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

[Alexandria. Cæsar's camp.]

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, [Mæcenas, Gallus, Proculeius, and others,] his council of war.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him he mocks
The pauses that he makes.
Dol. Cæsar, I shall.
[Exit.]

Enter Dercetas with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us?
Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd. Whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.
Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

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Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.
Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack. The round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens. The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.
Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand
Which writ his honour in the acts it did
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.
Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.
[*Agr.*] And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.
Mæc. His taints and honours
Wag'd equal with him.
[*Agr.*] A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

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Mæc. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.
Cæs. O Antony!
I have followed thee to this; but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: but yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, — that our stars,
Unreconciliable, should divide
Our equalness to this. Hear me, good friends, —
But I will tell you at some meeter season.

Enter an Egyptian.

The business of this man looks out of him;
We'll hear him what he says. — Whence are you?
Egyp. A poor Egyptian yet. The Queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forc'd to.

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Cæs. Bid her have good heart.
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.
Egyp. So the gods preserve thee! *Exit.*
Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go and say,
We purpose her no shame. Give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.
Pro. Cæsar, I shall. *Exit.*
Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [*Exit Gallus.*] Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius?
All. Dolabella!
Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war,
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings. Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. *Exeunt.*

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Scene II

[*Alexandria. A room in the monument.*]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

Enter [*to the gates of the monument*] *Proculeius* [*and Soldiers*].

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the Queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
Cleo. What's thy name?
Pro. My name is Proculeius.
Cleo. Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him
That majesty, to keep decorum, must

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No less beg than a kingdom. If he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer,
You're fallen into a princely hand; fear nothing.
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience, and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

[*Here Proculeius and two of the Guard go out below and reappear behind Cleopatra.*]

— You see how easily she may be surpris'd.
Guard her till Cæsar come.

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen.

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*]

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Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold!
[*Seizes and disarms her.*]
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.
Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?
Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself. Let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.
Cleo. Where art thou, Death?
Come hither, come! Come, come, and take a
queen
Worth many babes and beggars!
Pro. O, temperance, lady!
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither; this mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! Rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark nak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! Rather make

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My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee. For the Queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best. Be gentle to her.
[*To Cleo.*] To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

Exeunt Proculeius [*and Soldiers*].

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd there was an Emperor Antony.
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please ye, —

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Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course and lighted
The little O, the earth.
Dol. Most sovereign creature, —
Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like, they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in. In his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates dropp'd from his pocket.
Dol. Cleopatra!
Cleo. Think you there was or might be such a man
As this I dream'd of?
Dol. Gentle madam, no.
Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods!
But, if there be or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming. Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

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Dol. Hear me, good madam.
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight. Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.
Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?
Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir, —
Dol. Though he be honourable, —
Cleo. He'll lead me, then, in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will; I know't.
Flourish.

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mæcenas, [Seleucus,] and others of his train.

All. Make way there! Cæsar!
Cæs. Which is the Queen of Egypt?
Dol. It is the Emperor, madam.
Cleopatra kneels.
Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel.
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.
Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts.
The record of what injuries you did us,

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Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess I have
Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often sham'd our sex.
Cæs. Cleopatra, know
We will extenuate rather than enforce.
If you apply yourself to our intents,
Which towards you are most gentle, you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.
Cleo. And may, through all the world; 'tis yours; and we,
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.
Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.
Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of. 'Tis exactly valued,
Not petty things admitted. Where's Seleucus?
Sel. Here, madam.
Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,

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Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.
Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.
Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.
Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is followed! Mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
Th' ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild. O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd! What, goest thou back? Thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings. Slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!
Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.
Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,

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That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites me
Beneath the fall I have. [*To Seleucus.*] Prithee, go hence;
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance. Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.
[*Exit Seleucus.*]

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest. Still be't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd,

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Make not your thoughts your prisons; no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep.
Our care and pity is so much upon you
That we remain your friend; and so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so. Adieu.

Flourish. Exeunt Cæsar and his train.

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself; but, hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers Charmian.*]

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again.
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the Queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit.*]

Cleo. Dolabella!

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and within three days
You with your children will he send before.

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Make your best use of this. I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Exit.

Cleo. Farewell and thanks! Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shall be shown
In Rome, as well as I. Mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras. Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune. The quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see't; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

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Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter Charmian.

Now, Charmian!
Show me, my women, like a queen. Go fetch
My best attires; I am again for Cydnus
To meet Mark Antony. Sirrah, Iras, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise?
[*Exit Iras.*] *A noise within.*

Enter a Guardsman.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be deni'd your Highness' presence.
He brings you figs.
Cleo. Let him come in. *Exit Guardsman.*
What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! He brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

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Re-enter Guardsman, with Clown [bringing in a basket].

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him.

Exit Guardsman.

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly, I have him; but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday; a very honest woman, but something given to lie, as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty; how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt; truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm. But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do. But this is most falliable, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[Setting down his basket.]

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

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Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman. I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o' the worm. *Exit.*

[*Re-enter Iras with a robe, crown, etc.*]

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip.
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come!

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Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So; have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*]
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base.
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*]
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie. Poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

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Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle, —
O Antony! — Nay, I will take thee too:
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*]
What should I stay — *Dies.*

Char. In this vile world? So, fare thee well!
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play —

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1. Guard. Where's the Queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1. Guard. Cæsar hath sent —

Char. Too slow a messenger.
[*Applies an asp.*]
O, come apace, dispatch! I partly feel thee.

1. Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well; Cæsar's beguil'd.

2. Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call him.

1. Guard. What work is here! Charmian, is this well done?

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Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! *Dies.*

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?
2. Guard. All dead.
Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this; thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Re-enter Cæsar and all his train, marching.

All. A way there, a way for Cæsar!
Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.
Cæs. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.
Dol. Who was last with them?
1. Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her figs.
This was his basket.
Cæs. Poison'd, then.
1. Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood and spake.
I found her trimming up the diadem

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On her dead mistress. Tremblingly she stood
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood and something blown.
The like is on her arm.

1. Guard. This is an aspic's trail; and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument.
She shall be buried by her Antony;
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral;
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity.

Exeunt omnes.

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Notes

The Tragedie of Anthonie and Cleopatra is next to the last of the plays in the First Folio. *Actus Primus. Scœna Prima* stands immediately after the main heading, but there is nothing further to indicate division into Acts and Scenes.

I. i. 8. **reneges all temper.** Relinquishes all its strength.

I. i. 19. **them.** *I.e., news,* which is plural in Shakespeare in about one-fifth of the determinable cases.

I. i. 21. **scarce-bearded.** Cæsar was twenty-three at the time the play opens; Antony was twenty years his senior.

I. i. 34 ff. **Here . . . to do thus.** Here is my universe — kingdoms are nought, the filthy earth is fit only for the beasts and men it feeds; the one thing to live for is such superhuman love as ours.

I. i. 43. **himself.** Faithless; or, perhaps, cold.

I. ii. 5. **charge . . . garlands.** Put on the marriage-wreath. The horns imagined as growing on the foreheads of men with unchaste wives were one of the commonest of stock jokes long before and long after Shakespeare's time. Cf. III. xiii. 126. In the present passage there may be also a suggestion of the ox led to the sacrifice.

I. ii. 16. **fairer.** A word of many shades of meaning in Elizabethan use, as to-day. The one sense in which, clearly, the soothsayer did not use it was "in flesh."

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I. ii. 28. **Herod** is named here for one or more of three possible reasons: (1) he was familiar to the audience as a ferocious swaggerer in the Miracle Plays (cf. *Hamlet*, III. ii. 15); (2) he is somewhat prominently mentioned in Plutarch; (3) the three kings and the child to whom Herod is to do homage are most certainly meant for a facetious blasphemy. Cf. *Matthew* ii. 8.

I. ii. 35, 36. Then my children will be bastards.

I. ii. 40. I readily forgive thee the offence of being a sorcerer — it is a slight one, if thou canst prophesy no better than this.

I. ii. 66. **cannot go.** Cannot have children.

I. ii. 114, 115. **our ills . . . earing.** Like ground run to weeds, we are improved by ploughing, *i.e.*, by being told our faults.

I. ii. 129. **By revolution low'ring.** By a change of circumstances for the worse.

I. ii. 192 ff. **Our slippery people, etc.** Cf. Cæsar's similar opinion, I. iv. 40 ff. Shakespeare has been accused of a lack of sympathy with the common people, and certainly he puts contemptuous things about the people as a mass, as well as about the mob, or rabble, into the mouths of many of his characters. Recent criticism has been somewhat concerned to minimize or explain away Shakespeare's personal aristocratic bias. Line 195 means "all the esteem in which they had held Pompey the Great."

I. ii. 200. **courser's hair.** An allusion to the superstition that a horsehair kept in water will turn into a hairsnake.

I. iii. 47, 48. **Equality . . . faction.** The equal division of the governing power results in the formation of captious, discontented factions among the governed.

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I. iii. 61. **At the last, best.** At the end of the letter the best reading, or the best news.

I. iii. 71. **As thou affects.** As thou likest. See *thou goes* in l. 103 for an instance of the same inflection.

I. iii. 84. **Herculean.** In a double sense. Cf. IV. iii. 16 and note, and IV. xii. 44.

I. iii. 85. **The carriage of his chafe.** The bearing of his passion; his angry mien.

I. iii. 86 ff. **Courteous lord, etc.** It is difficult to say whether Cleopatra is now seriously pathetic or whether she is still scoffing. Antony's reply seems to indicate that he does not take her seriously. Line 90 is variously interpreted: it may be that she calls her memory as treacherous as Antony; perhaps, with bitter irony, she calls her forgetfulness Herculean, *i.e.*, like Antony, overmastering. **I am all forgotten** probably means "I have forgotten everything," but it seems to carry the suggestion, "my forgetfulness, like another Antony, completely possesses me."

I. iv. 91, 92. **But that your royalty holds idleness your subject.** But for the fact that you make your flippant mood or idle talk the minister of your purposes.

I. iv. 2. It is not because of a native defect in my character that I hate him.

I. iv. 25. **weight in his lightness.** "The word *light* is one of Shakespeare's favorite playthings. The sense is — His trifling levity throws so much burden upon us" (Dr. Johnson).

I. iv. 28. **Call on him for't.** Call him to account for it.

I. iv. 30–33. **'tis to be chid, etc.** He is to be blamed like a boy who, though he knows better, yet neglects

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experience for present pleasure and thus runs counter to good sense.

I. iv. 42. That he who is in power was desired until he had gained it.

I. iv. 44. **Comes dear'd.** Becomes prized.

I. iv. 46. **lackeying.** One of the many brilliant emendations due to Theobald. The Folio reads *lacking*.

I. iv. 54. Pompey's reputation is more powerful than his navy would be in actual battle.

I. iv. 66, 67. "It is reported that even as they passed the Alpes, they did eate the barkes of trees, and such beasts as man never tasted of their flesh before." North's *Plutarch*.

I. v. 4. **mandragora.** The plant mandrake; its juice or the drug prepared from it. It was a well-known narcotic.

I. v. 23, 24. **the arm and burgonet.** The support and defence. Or Shakespeare may have had in mind the well-known heraldic crest of a mailed arm rising above a helmet, in which case the figure would mean "the acme." (Cf. V. ii. 82.) In the context the former seems preferable.

I. v. 36, 37. **medicine, tinct.** To take *medicine* in the sense of "philosopher's stone" rather than of "philosopher, alchemist" is to make *tinct* a tautology. *Tinct*, the "grand elixir" of the alchemists, was supposed to change base metals into gold. *His* has no bearing on the interpretation; it is the possessive of both *it* and *he*.

I. v. 48. **arm-gaunt.** See Furness, *Variorum*, for many emendations and interpretations proposed. Of the former, *rampaunt* and *arrogant* are the best; of the latter, perhaps "with gaunt (*i.e.*, slender, clean-bred) limbs," though

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" war-worn " and " worn with bearing armor " are plausible.

I. v. 78. **Or I'll.** Even if I have to.

II. i. 21. **wan'd.** Furness interprets the Folio *wand* as *wann'd;* as in *Hamlet,* II. ii. 580.

II. i. 50, 51. **It only stands, etc.** Our lives depend on doing our utmost.

II. ii. 7, 8. **Antonius' beard.** In the Folio, Antony's name is regularly spelt *Antony* in *Julius Cæsar,* and *Anthony* in this play; but *Anthonie, Anthonius, Anthonyo's, Anthonio's* occur, the last in the present passage. " He had a goodly thick beard." — North's *Plutarch.* Enobarbus quibbles on the verb *beard,* " to defy," though *to beard* is " to take by the beard " rather than " to wear one's beard in the presence of." Cf. *Hamlet,* II. ii. 444.

II. ii. 25. **Let quarrelsomeness have no part in the affair.**

II. ii. 44. **Was theme for you.** Was an affair in your interest. For this meaning of *theme,* cf. *2 Henry IV.* I. iii. 22. Apparently Cæsar intends to repeat the sense of this in *You were the word of war.*

II. ii. 52–54. " If you are to manufacture a quarrel out of shreds and bits of cause (for you know that you have no whole matter to make a good one of), get something better than this." If *not* in l. 53 is not added to the Folio reading, *have* is to be taken in the sense of " must "; and the line as meaning " since you are forced to make your story out of whole cloth."

II. ii. 90–94. I should hardly have recognized my true self in the man I was then. I am sorry. But my honorable apology is not to belittle my greatness; rather

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my power will always be accompanied by such magnanimity.

II. ii. 112. Very well, then; I'll be still as a stone.

II. ii. 115, 116. our conditions . . . acts. Inasmuch as our natures lead us to act so differently.

II. ii. 135. which now import their dangers. Whose existence is a contributory cause of danger. Cf. *Thy thoughts touch their effects*, V. ii. 332, 333.

II. ii. 136, 137. Truths . . . truths. "Even true reports of differences between you will then pass for idle tales, and will not catch public credit; whereas now mere rumours of such differences easily gain belief, and do all the mischief of truths" (Hudson).

II. ii. 167. Spoke together. *I.e.*, met in battle.

II. ii. 179. You stay'd well by 't. You had a great time of it.

II. ii. 211, 212. tended her . . . adornings. This passage has been the subject of almost endless discussion. The chances are nearly equal for either of two senses of *i' the eyes:* (1) in her presence, before her; (2) obeying her look. "Her attendants waited before her (*or* doing whatever her glance hinted), in graceful postures that added to the beauty of the tableau."

II. ii. 244. Become themselves. Are becoming, attractive.

II. iii. 6. kept my square. Done as I ought. Cf. the modern phrase "to keep straight."

II. iii. 14. motion. Intuition.

II. iii. 19 ff. Thy demon, etc. "For thy Demon, said he, (that is to say, the good angell and spirit that keepeth thee) is affraide of his; and being coragious & high when

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he is alone, becometh fearfull and timerous when he cometh neere vnto the other." North's *Plutarch*. Cf. *Macbeth*, III. i. 55 ff.

II. v. 87, 88. **but let . . . be felt.** Keep ill news untold and let misfortunes be known by their effects.

II. v. 102, 103. **make a knave . . . sure of.** Though not a wicked man thyself, thou art sure of Antony's wickedness, and so becomest wicked in my sight. Cf. I. ii. 36, 37.

II. vi. 27. **o'ercount me of my father's house.** Cheat me out of it by juggling with figures and accounts. "Afterwardes when Pompeys house was put to open sale, Antonius bought it; but when they asked him money for it, he made it very strange, and was offended with them." North's *Plutarch*.

II. vi. 55. **What counts . . . face.** What records of her harsh dealings with me Fortune has written on my face.

II. vi. 102. **All men's faces, etc.** Apparently proverbial. Bohn's *Handbook of Proverbs* gives: "Face to face the truth comes out."

II. vii. 5. **alms-drink** can hardly mean "leavings"; rather, wine given by Antony and Cæsar out of their share, or, better, more wine than by rights Lepidus should have.

II. vii. 6–9. **As they pinch one another, etc.** "The guests are of such different disposition or temperament, that especially after their late misunderstandings they are bound to chafe each other" (MacCallum). Lepidus begs them to stop their bickering; apparently, too, he protests against drinking more, — with less success: he has to join in the bumpers that they drink in token of reconciliation.

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II. vii. 16 ff. **sphere, move, disaster** are all terms of mediæval astronomy. The passage is a sustained quibble on the technical and common meanings.

II. vii. 49. **it.** General usage had not yet adopted *its* as the uniform, regular possessive inflection; and in the Folio the uninflected *it* is commoner than *its*. *His* is the historically correct form.

II. vii. 63. **held my cap off to thy fortunes.** Been a faithful servant of them.

II. vii. 99. **go on wheels.** Apparently a proverbial expression. Cf. the refrain of the song below.

II. vii. 106. **Possess it.** Be its master, not its child.

III. i. 1. **darting Parthia.** Cf. IV. xiv. 70. The Parthians were famed for their archery, and particularly for the "Parthian shot," a shaft aimed by the fleeing horseman at his pursuer. Cf. *Cymbeline*, I. vi. 20.

III. i. 24. **darkens.** Impairs his fortune, dims his lustre. Cf. II. iii. 27.

III. i. 27–29. Though the syntax is uncertain or confused, the sense is plain: Ventidius has not only courage but discretion, without which a soldier is not very different from a mere sword.

III. ii. 12. **Arabian bird.** The phœnix.

III. ii. 26, 27. **and as my farthest band . . . approof.** As I will give bond to the uttermost thou wilt prove thyself.

III. ii. 51. **cloud in's face.** This expression was applied to a horse without a white mark; such a horse was supposed to be surly and undesirable. See Madden's *Diary of Master William Silence*, p. 255.

III. v. 13. **up.** Shut up, in confinement.

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III. vi. 6. **my father's son.** Octavius was, in fact, the grandnephew of Julius Cæsar, but was made by Julius his chief heir and adopted into the Julian *gens*. Cf. III. xiii. 82.

III. vi. 29. **being.** It being so.

III. vii. 5. **If not denounc'd against us.** Even though the war is not declared against me. But, historically, the war was declared against Cleopatra, not against Antony.

III. vii. 69, 70. Perhaps best as Furness interprets: Antony's "course of action does not grow through its own native force, there are other influences at work."

III. x. 10. **ribaldried.** Various substitutes have been proposed for the Folio *ribaudred*, which is not known except in this passage. On the score of metrical smoothness, several editors have preferred *ribald*, but that is less vigorous than *ribaldried*, "made up of ribaldries."

III. x. 18. **loof'd.** The ordinary explanation, "luffed, brought up into the wind," does not seem very good; for luffing checks a vessel's speed, and it is clear that Cleopatra's flight and Antony's pursuit were swift. Shakespeare does not use the word elsewhere; but it occurs in North's *Plutarch*, just before the mention of Cleopatra's flight: "he was driven also to loofe off to have more roome, & going a little at one side, to put those farther off that were affraid," etc. Probably to Shakespeare *to loof* meant "withdraw, depart," perhaps by analogy with *aloof*.

III. x. 37. **Sits in the wind against me.** Has the wind of me, *i.e.*, has the advantageous position to windward, as if in a naval battle.

III. xi. 36. **like a dancer.** Like one who dances with his sword in the scabbard.

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III. xi. 38 ff. **He alone . . . squares of war.** Cæsar merely got his subordinates to do the business, and took no active part in the fighting.

III. xi. 52 ff. I hide my shame from your eyes by averting my look toward that which I have dishonorably left to destruction.

III. xii. 31. **Thyreus.** In the Folio, *Thidias*, but *Thyreus* in North's *Plutarch*, which Theobald and all later editors, except Furness, have preferred to follow.

III. xii. 34. **becomes his flaw.** "Conforms himself to this breach of his fortune" (Johnson).

III. xiii. 5. **face of war.** Considering what follows about each rank or line of battle striking fear into the other, *face of war* may mean "warlike confrontation."

III. xiii. 26. **gay comparisons.** There is much to be urged in favor of Pope's emendation, *gay caparisons*. Though used chiefly of horses, *caparison* is used by Shakespeare in speaking of men as well; and if used here, it would mean equipment in general or perhaps specifically the *coin, ships, legions* of l. 22. If we are to read *comparisons*, it must be in Schmidt's sense: "all that which is in his favor, when compared with me."

III. xiii. 54–55. In considering your situation, you need only reflect that Cæsar is his magnanimous self.

III. xiii. 126 ff. An allusion to *Psalms* xxii. 12, with a quibble on *horned;* see note on I. ii. 5.

III. xiii. 163. **memory.** Memorials.

III. xiii. 179 ff. **for when mine hours, etc.** When I was in good fortune, and spent my time in trifling, I could afford to be generous. *For* has no real meaning.

IV. ii. 8. "**Take all!**" Apparently a gaming-phrase,

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meaning that the player has hazarded all he has. Johnson's suggestion of "No quarter, victory or death!" suits the situation, however.

IV. iii. 16. **Hercules.** "This opinion [that the Antonii were descended from Hercules] did Antonius seeke to confirme in all his doings: not onely resembling him in the likenesse of his bodie . . . but also in the wearing of his garments." North's *Plutarch*. Cf. IV. xii. 44.

IV. iv. 19. **like him . . . charge.** Like one used to command.

IV. vi. 6. **three-nook'd world.** Perhaps in allusion to some map or emblem (Furness). Cf. *King John*, V. vii. 116.

IV. vi. 34. **blows.** Swells to the point of breaking.

IV. vi. 35. **thought.** Sorrow, anxiety.

IV. vii. 8. **made an H.** A pun on *ache*, pronounced like the name of the letter H. Perhaps also he means he has a fresh cut that changed the shape of his wound.

IV. viii. 15. **proof of harness.** Strictly, the idea is *harness of proof, i.e.*, "armor of a quality known by trial." *Of proof* is so commonly applied to armor that *proof* comes to mean "hardness, impenetrability," even "armor" itself, or even "defence."

IV. viii. 31. **like the men, etc.** The phrase may modify *bear*, and mean in effect "proudly"; or it may not impossibly go with *hacked*.

IV. ix. 17. **dried.** A quibble on the literal sense and the figurative one, which is "barren, exhausted, enervated." Cf. *dryness of his bones*, I. iv. 27.

IV. ix. 20. **in thine own particular.** As an individual, thyself.

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IV. xii. 44. **Alcides.** Hercules. See note on IV. iii. 16.

IV. xiii. 3, &c. **monument.** "Cleopatra had . . . made many sumptuous tombes and monuments . . . thither she caused to be brought all the treasure and pretious things she had." North's *Plutarch.*

IV. xiv. 39. **battery.** Perhaps here "wound," as in *Venus and Adonis*, 426, and *3 Henry VI.* III. i. 37.

IV. xv. 32. **Here's sport indeed** Malone and Leo suggest that Cleopatra is thinking of her angling, II. iv. 14 ff.

IV. xv. 65. **The soldier's pole.** The pole-star, or guide; or, standard.

IV. xv. 85. **Sirs.** Not infrequent in Elizabethan use in addressing women. Cf. *Sirrah Iras*, V. ii. 229.

V. i. 2, 3. **he mocks The pauses that he makes.** His delays are now a mere mockery.

V. i. 65–66. **her life in Rome . . . triumph.** To bring her alive, a captive, to Rome would be an everlasting glory for me.

V. ii. 6 ff. The passage is difficult because of the changes in the metaphor and because of the uncertainty as to the syntactical relation of l. 8. Death is first conceived as a warder, then as a sleeper. He who has fallen asleep in death no longer tastes the *dung*, as Cleopatra, in bitter mockery, calls the things of earth and mortal life. It is possible to take *The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's* as in opposition with *dung*, in which case *nurse* is equivalent to "sustenance" or "solace"; and this interpretation gives added bitterness to Cleopatra's mockery. Or it is possible to take the line as in apposition with the idea of Death, which comes to great and low alike, and, being common to all, is not ignoble; in which case we

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have an echo of *'Tis paltry to be Cæsar* (l. 2). Some commentators have found *dung* an echo — in a different mood — of Antony's contempt for the common joys of life (I. i. 35).

Many editors have preferred Warburton's emendation of *dug* for *dung*, partly because of the connection of ideas between it and *nurse*. Line 8 may be taken in apposition with *dug*, but with this reading the line seems better construed in apposition with the idea of Death, — a warder, a babe suckled to sleep, and the common comforter of humanity.

V. ii. 14. **care to be.** Care if I be.

V. ii. 27. **pray in aid.** A law term, meaning to call in the assistance of a person who has an interest in the case, but who was not originally a party to the suit. If Cleopatra will but sweetly submit, Cæsar will entreat kindness (as if a separate person) to give help to Cleopatra's appeal for his grace.

V. ii. 29, 30. **I send him The greatness he has got.** " I own his superiority with complete submission " (Johnson).

V. ii. 50. " If it will be necessary now for once to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose " (Johnson).

V. ii. 82. **His rear'd arm.** See note on I. v. 23, 24.

V. ii. 87. **autumn.** One of Theobald's many ingenious emendations. Furness defends the Folio *Anthony*.

V. ii. 88 ff. **His delights . . . liv'd in.** As dolphins show their backs above the element they live in, so Antony's pleasures lifted him above the level of mankind — even in delights he was superhuman. The conceit is sufficiently forced, and will by no means run on all fours.

V. ii. 97–100. **Nature wants stuff . . . shadows quite.** Nature has not the materials for equalling the strange

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forms produced by fancy; but if you could imagine an Antony (which is impossible — no imagination ever reached so high), you would find your fancy realized in this actual masterpiece of Nature; in comparison with which the figments of imagination would be judged utterly worthless.

V. ii. 121. **project . . . clear.** Set forth my own cause so as to make it blameless.

V. ii. 140. **Not petty things admitted.** Not counting trifles.

V. ii. 165–170. This scene with Seleucus, like much else in the play, follows North's *Plutarch* closely. After giving these excuses of Cleopatra, Plutarch adds, "Cæsar was glad to heare her say so, perswading himselfe thereby that she had yet a desire to save her life . . . and so he tooke his leave of her, supposing he had deceived her, but indeede he was deceived himselfe." Stahr has suggested that the parts of Seleucus and Cleopatra had been prearranged in order to deceive Cæsar. Shakespeare does not make it clear that Cleopatra was playing a part.

V. ii. 178. **We answer . . . name.** We ourselves have to pay for other's actions the penalty that they deserve to pay.

V. ii. 220. Until the Restoration, women's parts on the public stage were taken by boys.

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Textual Variants

The text of the present edition is based upon the first Folio, and the following list records the more important variations from that version.

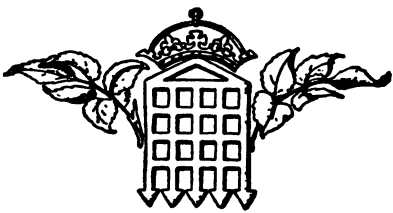
I. i. 50. whose] F_2; who F_1.
ii. 5. charge] Theobald; change Ff.
39. fertile] Theobald; foretell Ff.
65. Alexas] Theobald; *Alexas.* Ff.
84. Saw] F_2; Saue F_1.
114. minds] Hanmer; winds Ff.
141. occasion] Rowe; an occasion Ff.
186. leave] Pope; love Ff.
202. place is . . . require] F_2; places . . . requires F_1.
iv. 3. our] Singer; one Ff.
44. dear'd] Theobald; fear'd Ff.
46. lackeying] Theobald; lacking Ff.
56. Wassails] Pope; Vassailes Ff.
II. i. 21. wan'd] Stevens; wand Ff.
41. warr'd] F_2; wan'd Ff.
ii. 53. not] Rowe; Ff *omit.*
122. not so] Rowe; not, say Ff.
v. 12. finn'd] Theobald; fine Ff; fin Rowe.
43. 'tis] Ff; is Tyrwhitt *conj.*
vii. 118. bear] Theobald; beate Ff.
III. i. 27. [*Sil.*] Theobald; *Rom.* Ff.
ii. 10. *Agn.*] Rowe; *Ant.* Ff.

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iv. 9. not took't] Theobald; not look't F_1; had look't F_2.
v. 14. world, thou hast] Hanmer; would thou hadst Ff.
16. the one] Johnson *conj.*; Ff *omit.*
vi. 13. he there] Johnson; hither Ff.
61. obstruct] Theobald; abstract Ff.
88. make them] Capell; makes his Ff.
vii. 36. muleters] Militers F_1; Muliters F_2; muliteers Pope.
73. *Can.*] Pope; *Ven.* Ff.
x. 10. ribaldried] Furness *conj.*; ribaudred F_{1-3}; ribauldred F_4.
xii. 31, etc. Thyreus] Theobald; Thidias Ff.
33, 36, etc. *Thyr.*] Theobald; *Thid.* Ff.
xiii. 74. this: in deputation] Theobald; this in disputation Ff.
103. this] Pope; the Ff.
165. discandying] Thirlby *conj.*; discandering Ff.
199. preys on] Rowe; prayes in Ff.
IV. iii. 1. s. d. [*two*] Capell; *a Company of* Ff.
iv. 3. mine] Hanmer; thine Ff.
v. 1. [*Sold.*] Thirlby *conj.*; *Eros.* Ff.
3, 6. [*Sold.*] Capell; *Eros.* Ff.
viii. 23. favouring] Theobald; savouring Ff.
ix. 1. s. d. *Sentry*] *Centerie* F_1; *Century* F_2.
x. 7. [Go we up] Grant White; Ff *omit.*
xii. 4. augurers] Capell; Auguries Ff.
9. *Alarum, etc.*] Stevens; *at end of* sc. xi *in* Ff.
21. spaniel'd] Hanmer; pannelled Ff.
37. doits] Thirlby *conj.*; Dolts Ff.

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xv. 38. where] Pope; when Ff.
73. e'en] Capell; in Ff.
V. i. 28, 31. [*Agr.*] Theobald; *Dol.* Ff.
36. lance] Pope; launch Ff.
59. live] Rowe; leave Ff.
ii. 7. palates] Theobald; pallates F_1. dung] Ff; dugg Warburton.
35. — You] *Pro.* You F_1; *Char.* You F_{2-4}; *Gal.* You Malone.
81. O, the] Steevens; o' th' F_1.
87. autumn 'twas] Theobald; *Anthony* it was Ff.
104. smites] Capell; suites F_1.
317. vile] Capell; wilde Ff.
321. awry] Rowe; away Ff.



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Glossary

absolute, perfect; I. ii. 2: unmatched, III. vii. 43.
abus'd, deceived; III. xiii. 108.
admiral, ship of the commander, flagship; III. x. 2.
affections, passion, desire; I. v. 12, 17.
Alcides, Hercules; IV. xii. 44.
all-obeying, enforcing obedience from all; III. xiii. 77.
alms-drink, see note; II. vii. 5.
ambassadors, messengers; I. i. 48.
angle, fishing-tackle, rod and line; II. v. 10.
antick'd, changed into buffoons or grotesques; II. vii. 132.
appeal, impeachment; III. v. 12.
apply, devote; V. ii. 126.
approof, proof by trial, see note; III. ii. 27.
approves, proves true, justifies; I. i. 60.
arm-gaunt, see note; I. v. 48.
as, as though; I. ii. 103: because; III. xiii. 57.
atone, reconcile; II. ii. 102.
avoid, go away; V. ii. 242.

band, bond; II. vi. 128; III. ii. 26.
battle, battalion, army drawn up; III. ix. 2.
bench-holes, holes in a privy; IV. vii. 9.
bent, inclination, look; I. iii. 36.
blood, disposition, mettle, spirit; I. ii. 197.
blow, swell; V. ii. 352: swell to bursting; IV. vi. 34: bloat; V. ii. 60.
boggler, a waverer, one inconstant; III. xiii. 110.
boot, give in addition (to stipulated amount); II. v. 71: profit more than was looked for; IV. i. 9.
brave, splendid, showy; III. xi. 40; V. ii. 338.

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breathing, utterance; I. iii. 14.
breese, gadfly; III. x. 14.
brief, list, summary; V. ii. 138.
broached, opened, set going; I. ii. 178, 180.
brooch'd, adorned, as with a jewel; IV. xv. 25.
burgonet, a close-fitting helmet; I. v. 24.
but, unless; III. xi. 47; IV. xi. 1; V. ii. 103.

cantle, piece, slice; III. x. 6.
care (to be), object, mind (if I be); V. ii. 14.
carriage, bearing, see note; I. iii. 85.
chafe, heat, anger, see note; I. iii. 85.
chance, good luck; II. iii. 35: fortune; V. ii. 174.
chaps, jaws; III. v. 14.
chares, chores, tasks; IV. xv. 75; V. ii. 231.
charge, expense; III. vii. 17.
chuck, chick, used as term of affection; IV. iv. 2.
civil, not foreign; I. iii. 45: of the city; V. i. 16.
civilly, meekly; III. xiii. 129.
clouts, rags (?), blows(?); IV. vii. 6.
colour, excuse; I. iii. 32.
comes, becomes; I. iv. 44.
comparisons, advantages, see note; III. xiii. 26.
competitor, partner; I. iv. 3; II. vii. 76; V. i. 42.
composition, agreement; II. vi. 59.
composure, composition, character, make-up; I. iv. 22.
conclusion, reflection, thought; IV. xv. 28.
conclusions, experiments; V. ii. 358.
confound, waste, destroy; I. i. 45; I. iv. 28; III. ii. 58.
contend (with), rival, emulate; III. xiii. 193.
conversation, conduct, behavior; II. vi. 131.
cuckold, man whose wife is unfaithful; I. ii. 70.
curious, exacting; III. ii. 35.
curstness, ill-humor; II. ii. 25.

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daff, doff, take off; IV. iv. 18.
darkling, in gloom; IV. xv. 10.
declin'd, fallen, in low estate; III. xiii. 27.
declining day, sunset, end (of life); V. i. 38.
decorum, consistency; I. ii. 77; V. ii. 17.
demurely, solemnly(?), with muffled beat (?); IV. ix. 31.
demuring, gazing gravely; IV. xv. 29.
deputation (in), by deputy; III. xiii. 74.
derogately, disparagingly; II. ii. 34.
determines, ends, ceases to be; III. xiii. 161.
discandy, melt, dissolve; III. xiii. 165; IV. xii. 22.
disguise, revel; II. vii. 131.
dislimns, erases, blots out; IV. xiv. 10.
disponge, pour down; IV. ix. 18.
dispos'd with, made terms with; IV. xiv. 123.
disposition, nature, temperament, see note; II. vii. 8.
distractions, divisions, detachments; III. vii. 77.
doits, half-farthings, smallest coins; IV. xii. 37.
dress, prepare, season; V. ii. 276.
dryness, enervation, exhaustion; I. iv. 27.

ear, plough; I. ii. 115; I. iv. 49.
embossed, foaming at the mouth; IV. xiii. 3.
enforce, emphasize, urge; V. ii. 125.
enfranched, enfranchised, freed; III. xiii. 149.
estridge, ostrich; III. xiii. 197.
exigent, pressing necessity, critical moment; IV. xiv. 63.
expedience, haste; I. ii. 185.
extended, seized upon; I. ii. 105.
eye, look, appear; I. iii. 97.

favour, facial expression, face; II. v. 38.
feeders, servants, dependents; III. xiii. 109.
files, ranks; IV. i. 12.

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files and musters, soldiers drawn up in battle array; I. i. 3.
flaw, damage (to his fortunes); III. xii. 34.
fleet, ride, float; III. xiii. 171.
fleeting, inconstant; V. ii. 240.
foison, plenty; II. vii. 23.
followed, served, ministered to; V. ii. 151.
formal, ordinary, normal, sane; II. v. 41.
forspoke, spoken against, gainsaid; III. vii. 3.
frame, perform, manage; II. ii. 216.
fretted, corroded, eaten away; IV. xii. 8.
front, brow; I. i. 6.

garboils, strifes, disturbances; I. iii. 61; II. ii. 67.
gaudy, merry, festive; III. xiii. 183 (cf. *gaudy-day*).
gests, deeds (of renown); IV. viii. 2.
ghosted, haunted; II. vi. 13.
grace, honor, pay a compliment; IV. xiv. 136.
graceful, favorable, approving; II. ii. 60.
grave, deeply felt or operative; IV. xii. 25.
green-sickness, an anæmic condition of young women, marked among other things by discolored skin and perverted appetite; III. ii. 6.

haunt, throng (or thronging) of spectators; IV. xiv. 54.
head, headland; III. vii. 52.
heave, lift; II. vii. 15.
high-battled, commanding proud armies; III. xiii. 29.
holding, burden, refrain; II. vii. 118; cf. lines 124, 125.
housewife, hussy, strumpet; IV. xv. 44.

idleness, flippancy, frivolousness; I. iii. 92, 93.
immoment, of no moment, trifling; V. ii. 166.
imperious, imperial; IV. xv. 23.
importeth, concerns; I. ii. 125.

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ingross'd, gathered, amassed; III. vii. 37.
inhoop'd, enclosed in a hoop, or ring, to fight; II. iii. 38.
intrinsicate, intricate, entangled; V. ii. 307.
Isis, one of the chief Egyptian goddesses; I. ii. 67.
it, its, see note; II. vii. 49.

Jack, impudent fellow; III. xiii. 93, 103.
jaded, driven to exhaustion; III. i. 34.
jump, venture, hazard, chance; III. viii. 6.

kind, nature; V. ii. 264.
knave, servant (contemptuous); V. ii. 3.

lackeying, servilely following; I. iv. 46.
lank'd, became thin or hollow; I. iv. 71.
large, licentious, with added sense of unconfined; cf. "at large"; III. vi. 93.
lated, belated, out late; III. xi. 3.
length, delay, passage of time; IV. xiv. 46.
levell'd, guessed; V. ii. 339.
levying, assembling; III. vi. 67.
Lichas, the companion of Hercules; IV. xii. 45.
loathness, unwillingness; III. xi. 18.
low'ring, sinking (by the turning of Fortune's wheel); I. ii. 129.
luxuriously, lustfully; III. xiii. 120.

made, counted, weighed; II. vi. 126.
make prize, haggle; V. ii. 183.
mallard, male of the wild duck; III. x. 20.
mandragora, mandrake, see note; I. v. 4.
mechanic, vulgar, stupid; IV. iv. 32.
meetly, tolerably good; I. iii. 81.
mered, "m. question," the sole question, from the verb *mere*, limit, bound; III. xiii. 10.

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mettle, active quality; I. ii. 147.
missive, messenger; II. ii. 74.
modern, ordinary, commonplace; V. ii. 167.
moe, more; IV. xiv. 18.
moiety, half-part; V. i. 19.
moment, cause (?), importance (?); I. ii. 147.
moody, melancholy; II. v. 1.
motion, intuition; II. iii. 14.
move, exasperate, anger; II. ii. 4.
muss, scramble for coins; III. xiii. 91.

Narcissus, in classic myth, a beautiful youth who fell in love with the reflection of his own face; II. v. 96.
Nereides, sea-nymphs, daughters of the sea-god Nereus; II. ii. 211.
nerves, sinews; IV. viii. 21.
Nessus, "the shirt of N.," the shirt dipped in the poisoned blood of Nessus, which caused Hercules terrible agony when he put it on; IV. xii. 43.
nice, trifling, see note; III. xiii. 180.
nick'd, marked with the sign of folly; III. xiii. 8.

oblivion, forgetfulness, see note; I. iii. 90.
occasion, need; I. ii. 141: profit; II. vi. 140.
o'er-count, outnumber; II. vi. 26: with a quibble; II. vi. 27.
offence, (sense of) being offended; III. i. 26.
office, work, business; II. ii. 216.
oppression, difficulty, resistance; IV. vii. 2.
orb, world; V. ii. 85.
ordinary, meal served to patrons of an inn in common; II. ii. 230.
orient, gleaming, of finest quality; I. v. 41.
owe, own, possess; IV. viii. 31.

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Pacorus, son of Orodes, king of Parthia; III. i. 4.
pales, encloses; II. vii. 74.
paragon, to compare, to set a standard or model for; I. v. 71.
parcel, part, piece; III. xiii. 32: to piece out; V. ii. 163.
pardon, permission; III. vi. 60.
particular, personal concern; I. iii. 54: individualness; IV. ix. 20.
partisan, a general name for weapon of the halberd type; II. vii. 14.
passion, grief; V. i. 63.
period, conclusion, end; IV. ii. 25; IV. xiv. 107.
piece, masterpiece, paragon; III. ii. 28.
pink eyne, small, drowsy, half-shut eyes; II. vii. 121.
plants, soles of the feet (with a quibble on the ordinary meaning); II. vii. 2.
plated, armoured; I. i. 4.
plates, large coins; V. ii. 92.
pleach'd, folded; IV. xiv. 73.
points, laces for joining garments; III. xiii. 157.
pole, pole-star (?); standard (?); IV. xv. 65.
port, conduct, doings (?); manner, bearing (?); IV. xiv. 52.
power, army; III. vii. 58, 77: physical or intellectual function; III. xii. 36.
practise on, plot, intrigue against; II. ii. 39.
pregnant, likely to come to fulfillment, obvious, certain; II. i. 45.
presently, on the instant; III. iv. 15.
process, summons, mandate; I. i. 28.
project, set forth, exhibit; V. ii. 121.
property, quality, character; I. i. 58.
prorogue, weaken by postponing action; II. i. 26.
purchas'd, acquired; I. iv. 14.

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quail, subdue, quell (with the additional sense of [causing to] tremble); V. ii. 85.
quality, character, rank; I. ii. 198.
queasy, nauseated; III. vi. 20.
question, subject of doubt or discussion, cause of dispute, quarrel; II. ii. 40, 81.
quit, requite; III xiii. 124.

race, breed, thing bred; I. iii. 37.
rack, cloud-mass; IV. xiv. 10.
rang'd, disposed in order, built up; I. i. 34.
ranges, ranks, lines of battle; III. xiii. 5.
rate, scold, rebuke; I. iv. 31.
rated, apportioned, assigned; III. vi. 25.
rates, is worth; III. xi. 69.
raught, reached; IV. ix. 29.
reels, revels (?), dances (?); II. vii. 100; cf. line 111.
reference, appeal, claim; V. ii. 23.
regiment, government, authority, power; III. vi. 95.
reports, reporters; II. ii. 47.
requires, requests; III. xii. 12, 28; III. xiii. 66.
rheum, catarrhal discharge from eyes and nose; III. ii. 57.
ribaldried, compounded of ribaldry, see note; III. x. 10.
riggish, wanton; II. ii. 245.
rivality, copartnership; III. v. 9.
rive, split, burst; IV. xiii. 5.

saf'd, safeguarded; IV. vi. 26.
safe, justify, authorize; I. iii. 55.
salt, lascivious, lustful; II. i. 21.
scald, scabbed, scurvy; V. ii. 215.
scotches, surface wounds, slight wounds; IV. vii. 10.
scrupulous, captious; I. iii. 48.

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scutcheons, heraldic tablets, coats of arms; V. ii. 135.
sea-like, fit for sea-service; III. xiii. 171.
seel, close, shut; a term from falconry; III. xiii. 112.
semblable, similar; III. iv. 3.
sennet, kind of trumpet-call; II. vii. 19–20.
shards, elytra, or wing-covers, of beetles; III. ii. 20.
shroud, shelter, protection; III. xiii. 71.
soils, blemishes, shortcomings; I. iv. 24.
solder, make solid; III. iv. 32.
solemnity, festivity, celebration; V. ii. 369.
spurn, kick; II. v. 63.
square, quarrel, fight; II. i. 45; III. xiii. 41.
squares, squadrons, battalions; III. xi. 40.
stablishment, kingdom, hereditary crown; III. vi. 9.
stain, dim, eclipse, throw into the shade; III. iv. 27.
stale, urine; I. iv. 62.
station, manner of standing; III. iii. 22.
stiff, hard to bear up against; I. ii. 104.
still, always, continually; I. i. 59; II. iii. 36; III. ii. 60.
stomach, inclination, wish; II. ii. 50; to resent, be angry with; III. iv. 12.
success, issue, result; III. v. 6.
sued staying, sued to be permitted to stay; I. iii. 33.
sworder, swordsman (in a contemptuous sense), gladiator; III. xiii. 31.

tabourines, drums; IV. viii. 37.
take in, capture; I. i. 23; III. vii. 24.
tall, sturdy, valiant, fine; II. vi. 7.
tart, sour; II. v. 38.
Telamon, Ajax Telamon, driven mad by the gift to Odysseus of Achilles' armor, which he coveted; IV. xiii. 2.
temper, strength, self-control, see note; I. i. 8.
thereabouts, at that point, of that mind; III. x. 29.

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Thessaly, "the boar of T.," the savage boar slain by Meleager, one of the Argonauts; IV. xiii. 2.
Thetis, a sea-goddess; III. vii. 61.
think, brood, grieve; III. xiii. 1.
thought, sorrow, despondency; IV. vi. 36.
tight, skilful, clever; IV. iv. 15.
tires, head-dresses, perhaps tiaras; II. v. 22.
toil, snare, trap; V. ii. 351.
token'd, plague-spotted; III. x. 9.
touch (effects), are realized; V. ii. 333.
treaties, proposals looking to an agreement; III. xi. 62.
tricks, whims; IV. ii. 14.
trim, gear, equipment; IV. iv. 22.
triple-turn'd, three times false; IV. xii. 13.
trull, prostitute; III. vi. 95.

unequal, unjust; II. v. 101.
unexecuted, unemployed; III. vii. 45.
unpolicied, simple, shallow, stupid; V. ii. 311.
unqualitied, deprived of his faculties; III. xi. 44.
unseminar'd, deprived of virility; I. v. 11.
unstate, undo, degrade; III. xiii. 30.
up, in confinement; III. v. 13.
urge, refer to as authority; II. ii. 46.
use, interest-bearing possession; I. iii. 44.

vacancy, time when there is nothing to do; I. iv. 26: vacuum; II. ii. 221.
vessels, casks (?), cups (?); II. vii. 103.

waged, contended(?), weighed(?), wagered(?); V. i. 31.
wan'd, changed in color (from *wan*, not *wane*); II. i. 21.
wassails, carousing; I. iv. 56.
wharfs, river-banks; II. ii. 218.

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what, why; V. ii. 316.
witch, sorcerer; I. ii. 40.
withal, with; I. ii. 161.
woo't, wilt thou; IV. ii. 7.
worm, serpent; V. ii. 243, etc.
worship, worth, honor; IV. xiv. 86.
wot'st, knowest; I. v. 22.

yare, swift, easily handled; III. vii. 39: quick, handy; III. xiii. 131: as adverb, V. ii. 286.
yarely, handily; II. ii. 216.
yield, give out, report; II. v. 28: repay, requite; IV. ii. 33.



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